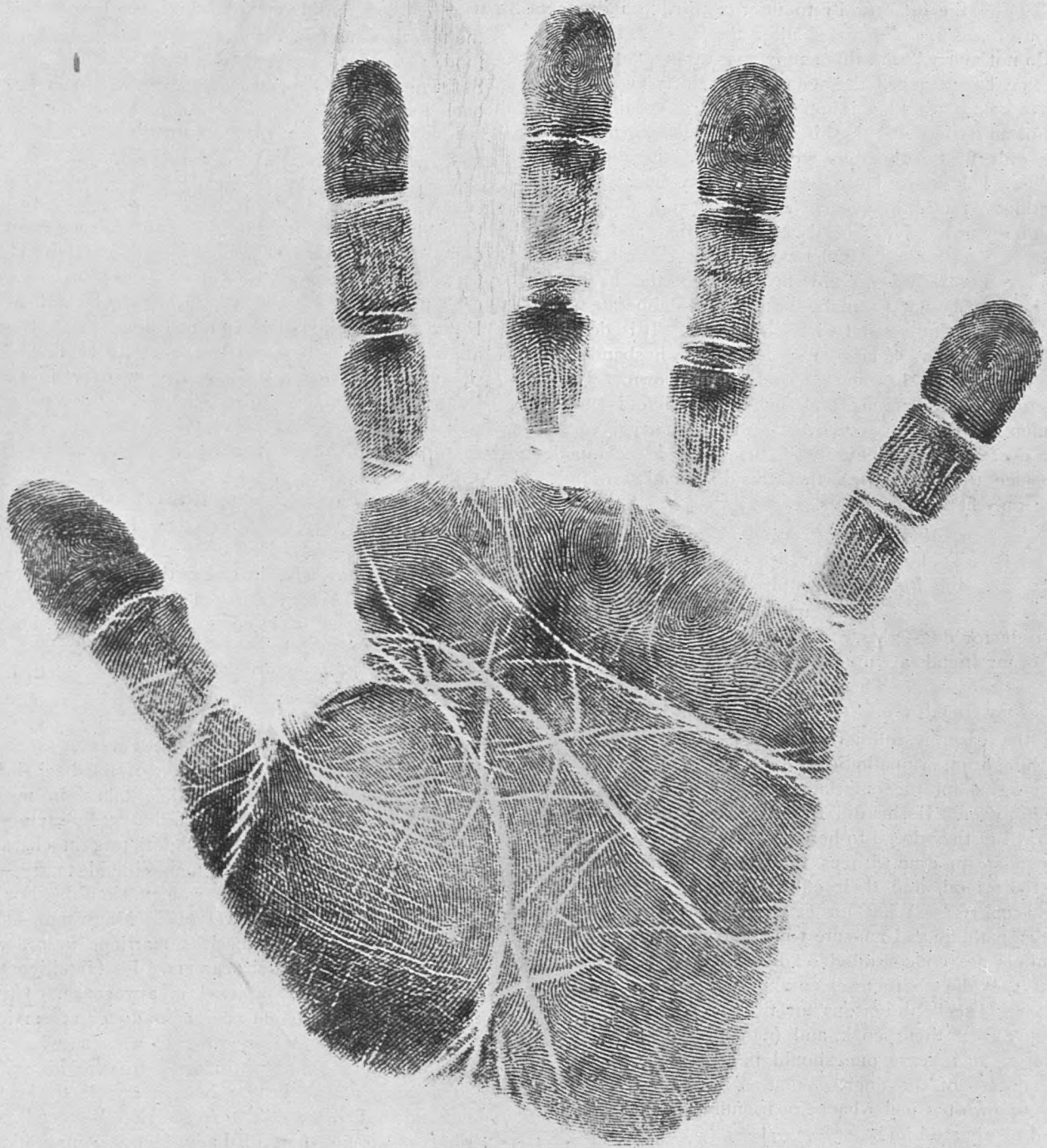


# The Sketch

No. 916.—Vol. LXXI.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1910.

SIXPENCE.

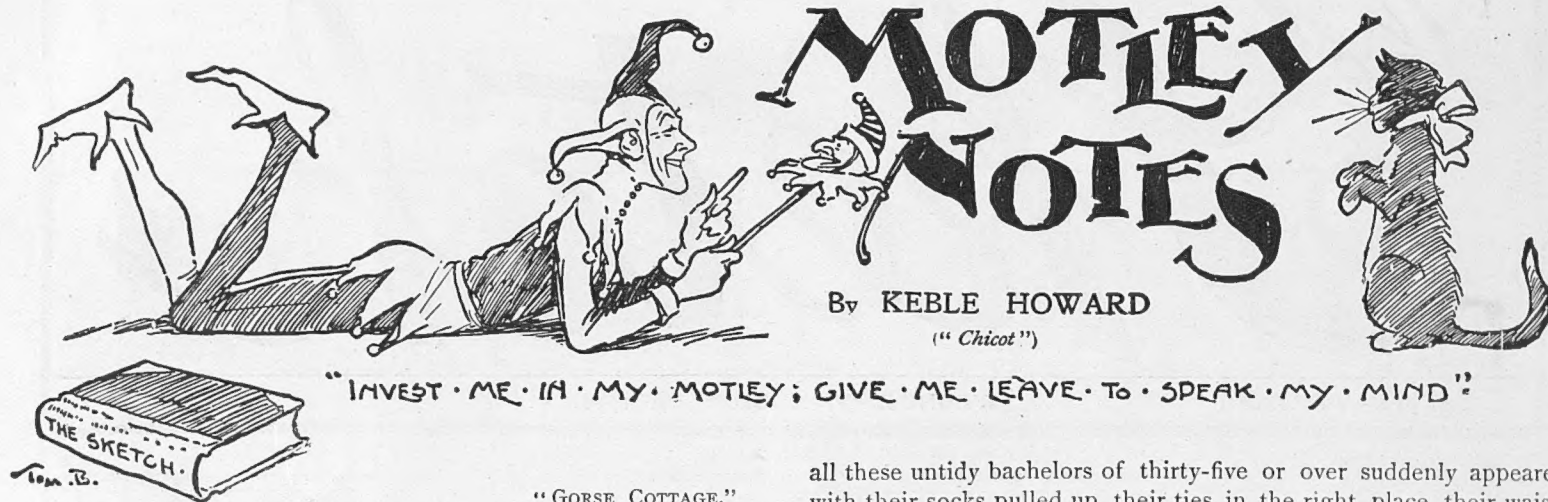


AN UNCHANGEABLE "VISITING CARD": AN IMPRESSION OF THE WHOLE PALMAR SURFACE OF A HAND, SHOWING THE RIDGES, SOME OF WHICH ARE INVALUABLE FOR IDENTIFICATION.

To many, at all events, the most interesting exhibit from Government departments at the Anglo-Japanese Exhibition is that provided by Sir Edward R. Henry, the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis, which illustrates the system of identification by finger-prints. There are several large framed exhibits, portraits, diagrams, and a case of miscellaneous objects bearing finger-prints, which have led to the identification of criminals. As is evident at a glance, the bulbs of human fingers are marked with a number of very fine ridges arranged in patterns and running in defined directions. It has been proved that the patterns persist in all their details throughout life, and it seems certain, further, that no two persons' fingers exhibit precisely the same pattern. By means of a special process it is possible for the police to bring into sharp definition the faintest of finger-prints. The forms of the ridges are divided into four primary types for classification—Arches, Loops, Whorls, and Composites, and these are divided into 1024 groups. At the present time Scotland Yard has 55,000 finger-print records. In the case illustrated, the thumb, the index finger, and the little finger show loops; the other fingers, whorls.

*Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by Scotland Yard.*





### "Useless Bachelors."

"GORSE COTTAGE."  
 "A Married Woman," interviewed by a representative of one of my daily papers, has seized the opportunity to utter a terrible indictment of the man who remains unmarried after the age of thirty-five. "Men who do not marry," said this anonymous ogress, "deteriorate rapidly after they have reached the age of from thirty-five to forty. There seems to be a natural law in operation which ordains that if a man does not marry in the early thirties he breaks down socially, and becomes only fit for the club smoking-room, the music-hall, and dog-fights. I know a large number of my husband's men friends," continued the blithely shameless one, "and, of course, I have friends of my own. Many of them are married, and they are charming people, who seem to understand. But several of them are bachelors." Before we go any further into the bachelor's chamber of horrors, I want to analyse this lady's deliberate statements, with a view to finding out what they mean. It is definitely laid down that she knows a large number of her husband's men friends and, in addition, has men friends of her own. In this charming coterie there are several bachelors—that is to say, unmarried men of thirty-five or over. But unmarried men of thirty-five or over are only fit for dog-fights. We are compelled, therefore, to face the awful truth that this lady makes friends of men who are only fit for dog-fights.

### The Thoughtful Hostess.

To help the lady, let us put her statement in the form of a simple syllogism—

Unmarried men of thirty-five or over are fit only for dog-fights.

Several of my friends are unmarried men of thirty-five or over.

Therefore,

Several of my friends are fit only for dog-fights.

Such being the case, it follows that "A Married Woman," an intelligent, thoughtful, sympathetic, and altogether perfect hostess, provides dog-fights for the entertainment of these unmarried men of thirty-five or over. If she did not, they would never go to her house again. But they do go to her house. She says so. Listen: "When they come to dine with us, they devote themselves almost entirely to their food, and their efforts at conversation are perfunctory and paltry." What on earth do you expect, my dear Madam? Sympathetic as I am sure you are, cannot you understand that their minds are concentrated on the forthcoming dog-fight? You say that they devote themselves almost entirely to their food. There are three excellent reasons for this: (1) They are hungry, (2) you keep an excellent cook, and (3) one has to eat heartily before a dog-fight in case one should be tempted to follow the ferocious examples of the dogs. What an awful thing it would be if one of your own particular bachelor friends fell upon your ideal husband and nearly ate him!

### Continuation of the Indictment.

We are beginning to see, I think, that "A Married Woman" has a deep and abiding love in her heart for the unmarried man of thirty-five or over. Women, we know, often endeavour to conceal their passion by abusing the object of it. If we follow up this interesting trail, we shall find that "A Married Woman" is in a parlous state indeed. For instance: "Their sense of how to dress seems to have withered, for there is a laxity in the way they wear their clothes that shows they want nothing so much as a wife to see they garb themselves with some approach to civilised neatness." In other words, they need mothering. Their socks slip down. Their ties work round to the back of their poor necks. Their waistcoats come undone at the bottom. They spill food on themselves. I wonder what "A Married Woman" would do in her spare time if

all these untidy bachelors of thirty-five or over suddenly appeared with their socks pulled up, their ties in the right place, their waistcoats buttoned, and their coats cleaned and pressed. Would she write to the papers and complain that the bachelor is no longer the dear, careless, untidy creature that once he was? Would she lament the fact that he had given up dog-fights, took no interest in his food, and talked all through dinner with the glibness of the male Suffragette? Ah, my dear Madam, when you destroy your horrid bachelor, you will destroy your biggest and most interesting doll.

### The Bachelor at Home.

I have not quite done with "A Married Woman." In case you did not come across her interview, I want you to read her description of the unmarried man of thirty-five or over at home. It is quite good. "Their homes, when they allow their friends' wives to penetrate to them, show the same thing. Pipes, in all stages of foulness, are littered everywhere. Dust lies on everything." Not as a general rule, you will observe, but only "when they allow their friends' wives to penetrate to them." Here we see the unmarried man of thirty-five or over in two very beautiful lights. In the first place, he does not encourage his friends' wives to penetrate to his home. On the contrary, it is evident that they ask, and ask, and ask until they are "allowed." This shows that the bachelor's sense of respectability is in splendid working order, even though his socks do slip down. In the second place, why is it that dust lies on everything "when he allows his friends' wives to penetrate" to his home, and at no other time? Surely, in order that they may have the exquisite pleasure of dusting the room for him. Think of the patience needed to scatter that dust! Think of the thought that inspires the collecting of it! Think of the self-sacrifice involved in the marring of his usually speckless home! That, I suppose, is why so many women maintain that a bachelor makes the best host.

### Lady Henry Somerset to the Rescue.

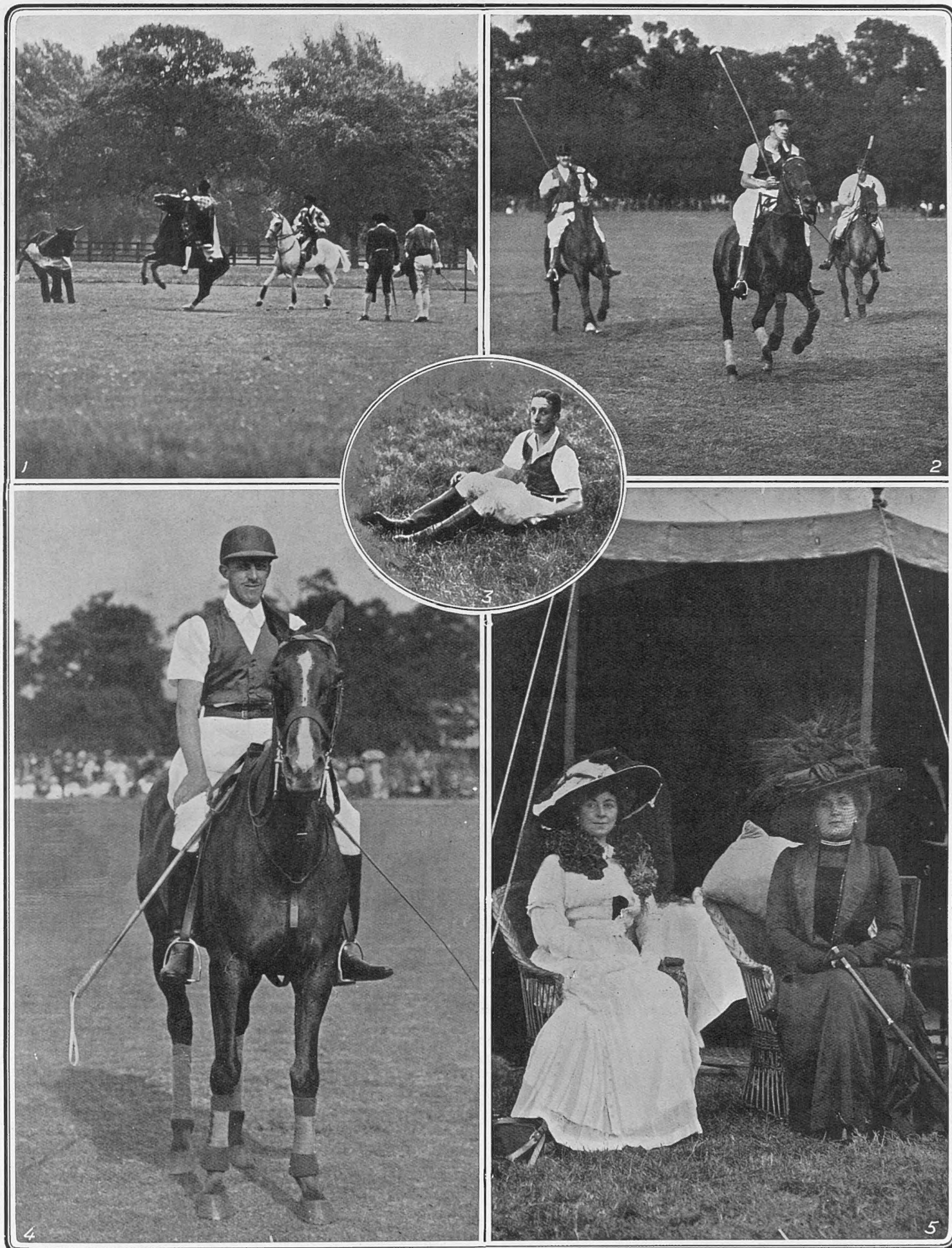
I see that Lady Henry Somerset has dashed to the rescue of the bachelor. "The writer of your article takes, in my opinion, a contemptuously narrow view," she said. "By saying that, after thirty-five, men who do not marry deteriorate in character and appearance, she infers that all men should marry—a statement as ridiculous as saying that all women should. For everyone knows that marriage is not for everyone. Many men—and some women also—have to deny themselves marriage in order to devote their whole energies to their careers. But intelligent women do not regard such men as 'useless' in any sense. On the other hand, they fully recognise that men who do great services to the world, do also great services to the women who are part of the world. . . . The man who marries to save himself from deterioration, takes a wife just to have a crutch to lean upon, and can never do much good." "A Married Woman" will have an easy retort to the first part of Lady Henry Somerset's statement. She will merely point out that great men are too few and far between to matter. But what will she say, I wonder, to the latter part? "The man who marries to save himself from deterioration takes a wife just to have a crutch to lean upon, and can never do much good." There, if you like, is a tilting at all the established notions! No half-measures about a feminine battle!

### Two Interesting Letters.

I was so interested in this Useless Bachelor question that I allowed my pen to run away with me. I had quite intended to answer this week two letters of general interest that reached me some little time ago. One is from "Bachelor Girl," and the other from a member of the Lyceum Club, who asks me to ventilate a genuine grievance. Both letters shall have my earnest attention, all being well, next week.



BULLY SPORT! KING ALFONSO, POLO-PLAYER;  
AND THE "BULL-FIGHT" AT EATON HALL.



1. THE SHAM BULL-FIGHT BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN: THE ATTACK UPON THE BULL (LORD HERBERT AND CAPTAIN THE HON. A. STANLEY).
2. IN THE GAME IN WHICH HE SHOT TWO GOALS: KING ALFONSO PLAYING POLO AT EATON HALL.

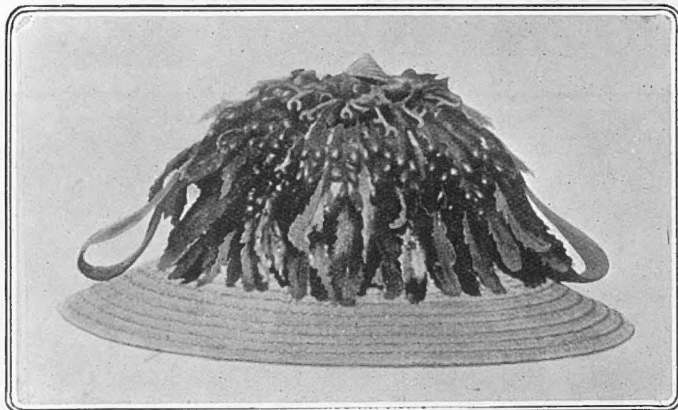
3. A BREATHING SPACE: KING ALFONSO TAKING A MOMENT'S REST.
4. IN HIS POLO KIT: KING ALFONSO.
5. WATCHING THE POLO: THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AND THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.

At Eaton Hall last week, the King and Queen of Spain had a most enjoyable time, and his Majesty was given opportunity to prove his prowess as polo-player. Both King Alfonso and Queen Victoria Eugenie took part in several events of a gymkhana. His Majesty won the Serpentine Polo-Pony Race, and rode in the Gretna Green Stakes with Lady Castlereagh, and was second. Her Majesty rode in the musical chairs, and, with Lord Castlereagh, in the Gretna Green Stakes. The mock "bull-fight" took place on the same occasion, the "bull," which roared with the aid of a motor-horn, was impersonated by Lord Herbert and the Hon. A. Stanley, while Mr. George Wyndham, the Duke of Westminster, and Lord Shrewsbury were among those members of the house-party who appeared as toreadors and matadors.

*Photographs by Sport and General, Central News, and G.P.U.*

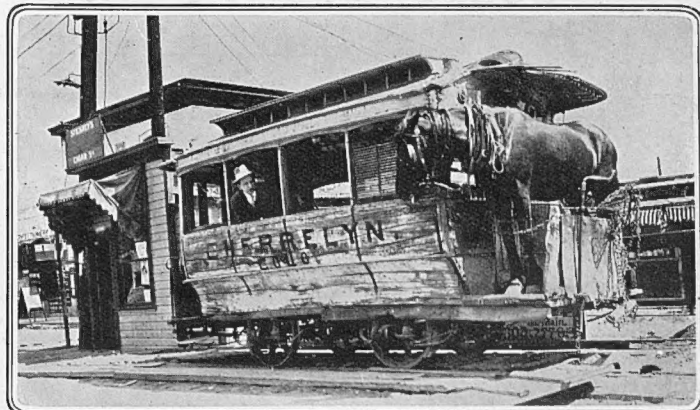


## THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



SELL IT—TO THE MARINES! THE REAL-SEAWEED HAT.

The hat, which, it is expected, will prove popular at the seaside resorts, is of coarse straw, trimmed with real seaweed which has been dried and varnished by a special process. It is "crowned" with a small shell.—[*Photograph by Fleet.*]



1-H.P. YIELDS TO ELECTRICAL POWER UP-HILL: THE HORSE AS PASSENGER.

This curious horse-tram is drawn up an exceptionally steep gradient on the line by means of electricity, the horse being taken aboard the car during the journey over the electrified portion. It is used in an American State.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]



1. WHERE THE ROWENA SHAFT IS TO BE SUNK: SETTING IN PLACE THE CHARGE BY WHICH THE GROUND WAS BROKEN.

2. THE BREAKING OF THE GROUND FOR THE NEW SHAFT: LITTLE MISS ROWENA BURR FIRING THE CHARGE.

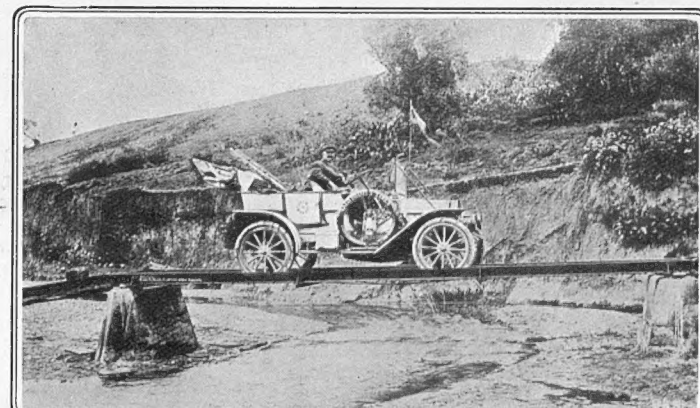
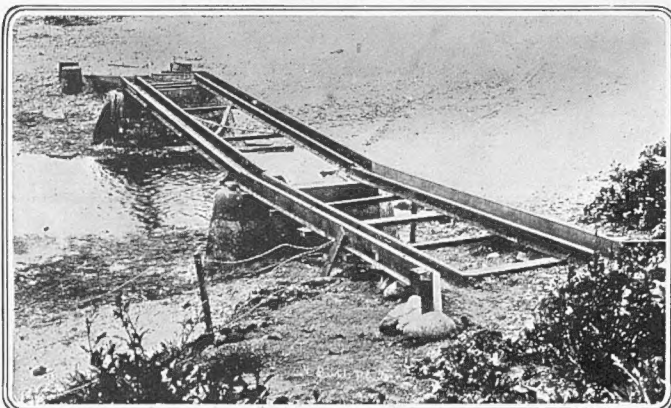
3. FLOWERS FOR THE CHIEF FIGURE AT THE CEREMONY: PRESENTING A BOUQUET TO MISS ROWENA BURR.

4. TURNING THE GROUND WITH AN ORNATE SPADE: MISS ROWENA BURR CUTTING THE FIRST SOD.

COAL IN KENT: CUTTING THE FIRST SOD OF THE NEW ROWENA SHAFT OF THE EAST KENT COLLIERY, AT TILMANSTONE.

An interesting ceremony took place at the East Kent Colliery the other day, when little Miss Rowena Burr, grand-daughter of the managing director, fired the charge that broke the ground for the new shaft of the colliery, and then cut the first sod. In Photograph No. 2, behind Miss Rowena Burr, are (from left to right) Mr. Arthur Burr, managing director; Dr. Malcolm Burr, mining expert; Mrs. Malcolm Burr; and Miss Gabrielle Burr, who fired the charge for the Gabrielle Shaft two years ago.

*Photographs by Sport and General.*



A BRIDGE FOR MOTORS ONLY: A REMARKABLE "TWO TROUGH" CONSTRUCTION IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

This type of bridge "for motors only" has been adopted by the Automobile Club of Southern California, and various examples have been erected. The one shown, which, it will be seen, consists of two troughs—spans the San Mateo Creek, in San Diego County.—[*Photographs by Fleet.*]



## BEARDED LIKE THE PARD-NER OF SIX WIVES!



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, AS KING HENRY VIII., BEAMS UPON MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER —  
COSTUME KINDLY LENT BY HOLBEIN; MAKE-UP BY NATURE.

Mr. Arthur Bouchier—remembering, possibly, the enthusiastic amateur who “corked” himself all over in order to play Othello—has grown a beard in view of the fact that he is to be the King Henry VIII. of Sir Herbert Tree’s revival of Shakespeare’s play of that name. That Mr. Bouchier will make a very excellent Bluff King from the histrionic point of view goes without saying; that he will make an equally good monarch from the point of view of personal appearance our composite illustration suggests. The costume in which we show Mr. Bouchier is that seen in Holbein’s portrait of the King, the property of the Duke of Devonshire.

Needless to say, we offer due apologies to the shade of Holbein.

Arrangement by “The Sketch.”



**GAIETY THEATRE.**—Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.  
EVERY EVENING at 8, a Musical Play, **OUR MISS GIBBS.** Box-office open 10 till 10.

**ST. JAMES'S.** MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER,  
Sole Lessee and Manager. At 9, **THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST**,  
by Oscar Wilde. At 8.30, "A Maker of Men," by Alfred Sutro. **MATINEE WEDS.** at 2.30.

**SHAFESBURY.** THE ARCADIAN.  
EVERY EVENING at 8. **MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY** at 2.

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Farical Comedy, **THE NAKED TRUTH**, by George Paston and W. B. Maxwell.  
At 8.15, "The Wiles of the Widow." **MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY** at 3.

**EMPIRE.** "THE DANCING MASTER," **FRED FARREN.**  
Phyllis Bedells, etc. "HULLO, PEOPLE!" Valli Valli, J. F. McArdle,  
George Mozart, and Selected Varieties.  
Manager, MR. H. J. HITCHINS.  
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<b>WESTGATE- ON-SEA.  ST. MILDRED'S HOTEL.</b>	<b>UNEQUALLED POSITION FACING SEA.</b>
	<b>STANDS IN ITS OWN GROUNDS OF OVER AN ACRE</b>
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	<b>THE ONLY HOTEL IN WESTGATE WITH ELECTRIC LIGHT AND SYSTEM OF HEATING.</b>
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	<b>ELECTRIC LIFT.</b> Telegrams: "St. Mildred's," Westgate.
	Telephone: 0196 Westgate. E. B. ALEXANDER, Proprietor.

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	Charming Reception Rooms.
	Illustrated Tariff, apply <b>MANAGER.</b>
<b>FINEST POSITION IN LONDON.</b>	
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<b>ADVANTAGEOUS INCLUSIVE TERMS.</b>	

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mingham; Chapel Street, Liverpool; 1 bis Rue Scribe, Paris.

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of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the  
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"A TURF TOPIC."—We are hearing much of the horse just now; of  
the shortage in the Army, where the four-footed warrior is still an  
essential, and of man's ingratitude to his worn-out friend. As long,  
however, as England breeds the racehorse there will be a section of  
the public who will uphold our equine traditions, and, moreover, treat  
the old and useless worker, let us say, in a sportsmanlike way. Those  
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Dublin, 1910. General Manager.

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The service will be performed by the s.s. "J. C. La Cour," s.s. "N. J. Fjord," and  
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Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.40 p.m. Corridor Train, Dining  
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First Class, Single, 37s. 6d.; Return, 56s. 3d.  
Second Class, Single, 25s. 9d.; Return, 38s. 9d.  
Further particulars of the G.S.N. Co., 15, Trinity Square, E.C.; or of the Continental  
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137 Km. of stone conduit ... 120 by 170 cm.  
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10 Km. of cast-iron ducts ... 1200 Mm. in diameter.  
22 Km. of pressure-conduit ... 800 Mm. in diameter.

And tunnels of a length of 810 M.,

together with all auxiliary works and supply of necessary materials.

Plans, sections, sketches, conditions of contracts, notes of the amount of work, and prices,  
can be seen at:

The DEPARTMENT for CONSTRUCTION of WATERWORKS of the BAKU  
CITY COUNCIL, and also in the OFFICE of the CHIEF ENGINEER of  
WORKS, W. G. LINDLEY, in Frankfort-am-Main, Blittersdorf Place, No. 29, in  
business hours.

Detailed information may be had at the above places, and on payment of 10 roubles the  
conditions, notes of prices, notes of quantity of work, and blank forms of tender in triplicate  
may be obtained, and on payment of 80 roubles to the City Treasurer, copies of the general  
scheme of the whole works of construction may be acquired.

The inspection of excavations made in the line of survey, and specimens of the ground  
formation received from these excavations and preserved by the Council at Baku, as well as  
any information from date of the surveys, will be accorded to persons interested in the  
matter.

Tenders must be submitted on the aforesaid blank forms and contained in sealed envelopes,  
endorsed as follows:

"Water Supply of the City of Baku, Contract No. 1."

"Tender for the Work of Collection of Water and laying of Conduits"

Tenders must be submitted by noon on the 14-27 October, 1910, in the Hall of the Baku  
City Council.

The Tenders will be opened in the presence of the persons tendering.

The receipt of the Treasury of the Baku City Council for payment of deposit must be  
affixed to the tender, as follows:

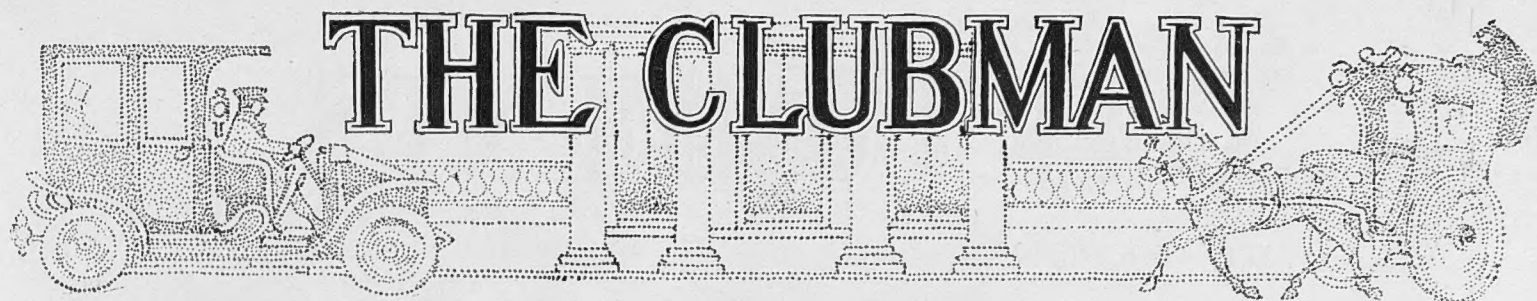
For those wishing to receive the whole contract, 250,000 roubles;

For those wishing to receive a part of the contract, not less than 2½ per cent. of the  
contract price tendered by them, together with annexed lists mentioned in detail in  
the blank tender-forms.

The tenders shall be held binding for three months from the day of submission, on the  
lapse of which time the deposits not retained on the contracts will be returned.

CITY of BAKU 5 per cent. BONDS will be ACCEPTED by the CITY at the PRICE  
of £100 PER £100 BOND as deposit by those making tender.





### On the Ostend Sands.

Great Britain is just now in fairly good odour on the Continent. An invariable test of what esteem we are held in abroad is afforded by the children's corner on the sands at Ostend. There children of all nationalities dig sand-castles, and their fathers and mothers buy small flags, which are stuck into the fortifications. The big flag in the keep is always the standard of the nation to which the children belong; the small flags are those of nations which the parents happen at the time to approve of. Of course, the Belgian tricolour is most in evidence, but the Union Jack and the flag of France both make a brave show on the sand-heaps. Of German flags there are very few, though Ostend this year is overrun by tourists from the Fatherland. I can remember periods when not a British flag was to be seen on Belgian sands. At the time of the Boer War there were plenty of Transvaal flags, but no Union Jacks, and at the period when Great Britain was considered by the Belgians to be interfering unnecessarily in the matter of the Congo there was a "slump" in our red-white-and-blue bunting.

### The Great Raid.

Ostend is divided into two camps of pleasure-seekers—those who live in the great Palace Hotel at the end of the Digue, and who find in that vast caravan-sarai satisfaction for all their needs, a club where *chess de fer* is played, Fleury's restaurant, and a theatre where star after star of the Parisian music-halls follow each other, and those who dwell in the line of big hotels near the Kursaal, and who generally spend their evenings in its rooms, which include a Cercle Littéraire. The old town has its own centre of gaiety in the market-place, where the town band plays, and where the rival clubs, St. Cecilia and the Littéraire, have their rooms. When the zealous magistrate from Ghent and his detectives swooped down upon Ostend, they raided the clubs of two, if not three, centres. The Littéraire Club of the Kursaal and the Cercle Privé of the Palace were both visited, and as the police seized all the money which had been paid for counters, those white discs became, as one philosophic gambler told me, "mere mementos." The only man whom I met who was in the Kursaal rooms at the time of the raid and did not resent the proceedings, was a speculator who had just staked and lost his last counter when the police broke in.

### An Out-of-date Palace.

Of course, the old King of the Belgians is much missed in Ostend. He had taken the city on the dunes under his very immediate protection, and his plans for its improvement and embellishment

were curiously mixed up with State affairs, as the Belgian ministry found out when they entered into negotiations for the transference of the Congo to Belgium. The late King, on fine days, used to sit on the little terrace built before the two wooden villas perched high on a sandhill. He would take his exercise by hobbling up and down the stretch of tiles as he watched the people passing below and the yachts coming into harbour, for he was a keen sailor. Ostend is hoping very earnestly that the present King will become fond of it, and the citizens are drawing conclusions that he will soon come into residence from the fact that the two villas, which are just as old as the Royal Pavilion at Aldershot, are being painted and put into a state of repair. If King Albert intends to pass his summers at Ostend, he really requires a new Palace, one which will harmonise with the great colonnades the late King built by the sea.

### A Beauty Show.

One sight Ostend shows her visitors which is peculiar to the town of the dunes. The line of big hotels close to the Kursaal all have great plate-glass windows, forming a transparent wall to their dining-rooms on the side facing the sea. The blinds of these big windows are never pulled down, nor are the curtains drawn, and in the evenings, when the restaurants blaze with light, the *maîtres d'hôtels* so arrange the tables that all the prettiest ladies who are dining shall be as close as possible to the windows. It is an informal beauty competition, and the people walking on the Digue can see half a mile of the beauties of Europe eating their dinner. Another beauty show of a different kind is given at the bathing-hour in the morning, when photographers, bare-legged, walk about in the foam and take snapshots of the bathers. There are no regulations as to the wearing of skirts by ladies, as there are at Biarritz and many other French towns, and several of the lady bathers wear skin-tight costumes, which cover as little as possible of their figures. These are the ladies who never resent the attentions of the photographers.

### A Wonderful Band.

At Ostend, M. Léon Rinskoﬀ conducts one of the finest orchestras in

the world, and the soloists at the evening concerts at the Kursaal are all world-wide celebrities. Blankenberghe, Ostend's rival, a little farther north on the sandy line of coast, also has a splendid band, and this year has secured a greater attraction than any which Ostend can show by engaging Caruso to sing for one night. Ostend has replied to this by billing Caruso's great rival from the Scala at Milan.



THE KNICKERBOCKERED VERSUS THE SKIRTED: LADIES OF BERLIN IN BOXING COSTUME—AND ATTITUDE.

Photographs by Diepenbach.



IN THEIR SUBSTITUTES FOR VESTS AND SHORTS: LADIES STARTING FOR A FIFTY-METRE RACE (ABOUT 54 YARDS), NEAR BERLIN.

Photograph by Scherl.



# CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

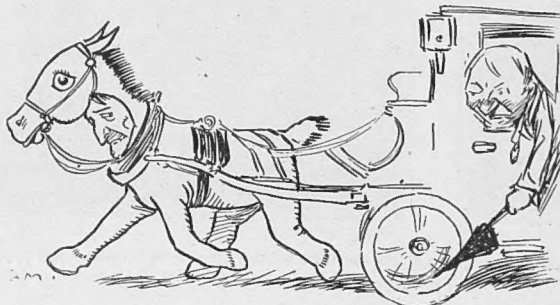
By WADHAM PEACOCK



MR. ROCKEFELLER is taking whisky baths to improve his golf. It is the inward application of this specific which has been responsible for many a Hieland fozzie.

A skate weighing 114 lb. has been caught with a rod at Ballycatton, County Cork. This is nothing to make a fuss about. Many a minnow caught in the Thames or the Lee weighs that before the evening is over.

History does not record that Sherlock Holmes ever possessed a horse of his own, but the animal



which took a drunken man to the police-station the other day must hail from a mews near Baker Street. Or could it have been that wonderful Sherlock in another disguise?

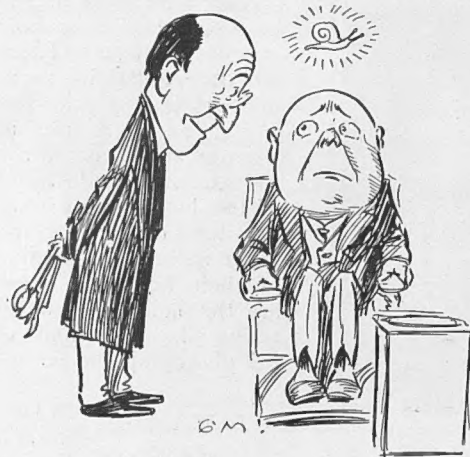
## OTHER CLIMES, OTHER MANNERS.

(Parallel columns in a morning paper tell us that when the modern boy makes a friend of a girl, his manners improve; and that when a Djak falls in love with a girl he goes out and cuts off the heads of the first men he meets, three heads being the price of a maiden in Borneo.)

Correspondence in the papers  
Tells us, when the British boy  
Is attracted by a maiden,  
That he ceases to annoy  
By the roughness of his manners,  
And the rudeness of his ways,  
But will spend in blameless smugdom  
The remainder of his days.

But adjacent columns tell us  
That the Djaks of Borneo,  
When attracted by a maiden,  
Will incontinently go  
And decapitate a stranger,  
A proceeding, I'm afraid,  
Which would scarcely prove attractive  
To the normal British maid!

Monocotyledons—which, you will be glad to learn, are arum lilies, hyacinths, and so on—have clusters of



"raphides" in their cells, which are designed to break the teeth of snails. It will be news to most people that such squishy things as snails have any teeth or want them broken.

And perhaps you may like to know what "raphides" are. Listen to this. They are microscopic clusters of needle-shaped crystals

of calcium oxylate, and are insoluble in water or blood. So, next time you go to a dentist, think of snails.

Skegness offers £10 to the first swimmer who crosses the Wash. Unlike King John, he will not be cumbered with any baggage.

Cobena, near Madrid, is a terrestrial paradise where no one dies and only the doctor starves. A few cheap excursions would soon alter this backward state of things.

Rubies indistinguishable from the natural gems except through a microscope can now be made in the laboratory for two shillings a carat. This makes King Solomon's courtly little compliment look a bit off colour.

The disappearance of the English summer is now said to be due to the deforestation of the world. Let us put on a mackintosh, and go out and plant a tree.

A monthly magazine points out that most of the great men of to-day have done their best work when past the age of sixty. Capital! As it is no good doing inferior work, we will take a holiday for the next few years.



Present-day civilisation, says one of our lecturers, seems to have no room for the baby. If this sort of thing goes on, there very soon will be no civilisation for babies to interfere with.

A Shoreditch jury, a coroner, and three doctors all gave up the attempt to decipher a doctor's prescription. This is where the intelligent chemist's assistant steps in, and concocts a mixture which has plenty of colour, plenty of smell, and, above all, plenty of taste; and well worth the money.

## DADDY ON THE SANDS.

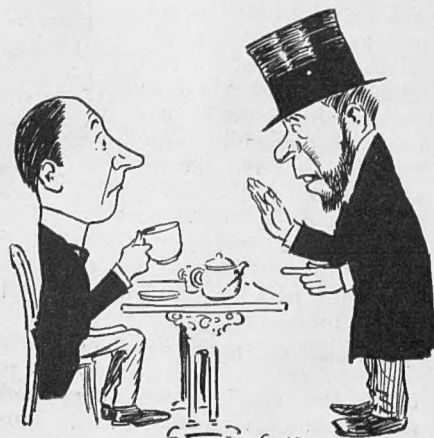
(All round the coast it is a pathetic sight to see fathers making the acquaintance of their children, whom, in the ordinary course of life, they seldom see in daylight.)

Daddy acts the nursemaid, playing in the sand, With a little daughter grasped in either hand. Though they met as strangers just a week ago, They have got quite friendly paddling to and fro. Holiday is one month, daily bread eleven, Leaving home at eight o'clock, getting back at seven; But a month's devotion teaches him to know Babies met as strangers just a week ago!



"Every cup of tea is a dose of caffeine, a poison which can be obtained at every chemist's," says Dr. Olson. Now that we have smashed the brewers and distillers, let us have a cheery little crusade against the tea-men just to keep up the circulation.

Sad, sad! When Mr. Roosevelt was playing at being a reporter he gave the children who cheered him 2½d. each to buy sweets, and these sons and daughters of Belial flew into the shop and bought brilliantly coloured pictures of Massa Johnson smashing Jeffries. How is the supremacy of the white race to be maintained?





DRIVEN GROUSE AS SEEN FROM THE BUTTS;  
AND KING GEORGE, ONE OF ENGLAND'S FINEST SHOTS.



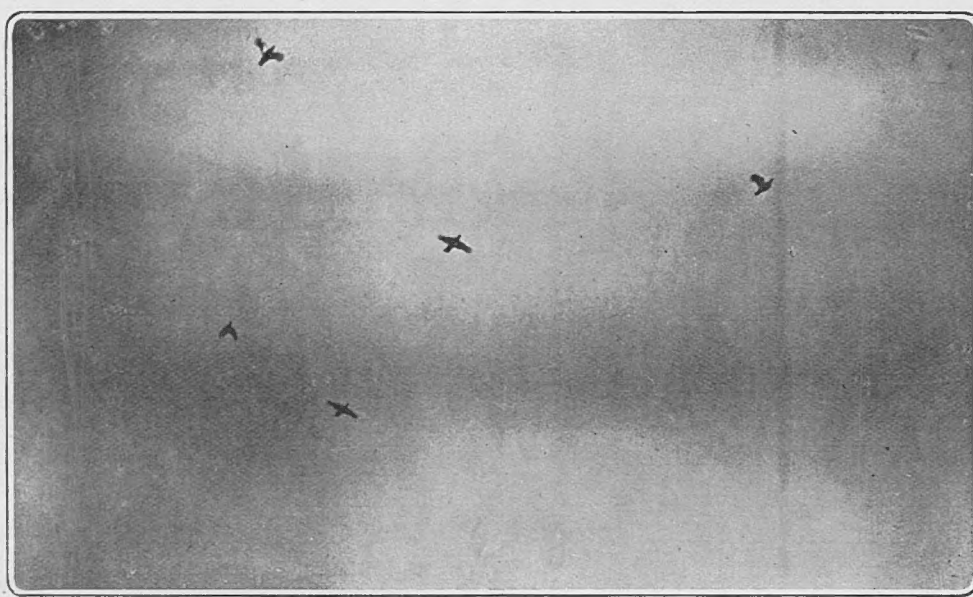
LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING: GROUSE COMING UP TO THE BUTTS.



PICKING HIS BIRD: THE KING  
GROUSE-SHOOTING.



ON THE MOORS: THE KING AT A  
GROUSE-SHOOT.



OVER THE BUTTS: TALL BIRDS.



CRUMPLED UP: BRINGING DOWN A HIGH ONE.



IN HIS BUTT: THE KING SHOOTING.

It is well known that his Majesty is one of the best shots in his kingdom, and he is never happier than when he is out with the guns. His exploits have not been confined to the shooting of grouse, partridges, pheasants, and deer in his home dominions, for he has also distinguished himself among big game during his Colonial tours especially in India. This year his sport will, of course, be limited to his own preserves at Balmoral and Sandringham, but next year, no doubt, he will reappear on various other great estates where he has been accustomed regularly to shoot in previous seasons, such as those of the Duke of Devonshire in Wharfedale, the Duke of Westminster in Cheshire, Earl Howe in Leicestershire, and many others.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]



# SMALL TALK

THE member who, having lost an umbrella at his military club, closed his letter of complaint to the secretary with, "This comes of letting Bishops in," suffers from an acute form of club-exchange irritability. But the general-post in Piccadilly and Pall Mall, now in full swing, does not mean that the majority of tempers or umbrellas are mislaid. It is true that the average clubman believes, in the dusty recesses of his heart, that the carpets and chair-covers that have served him one twelvemonth are good for another; but otherwise he is not necessarily disinclined for adventures with an alien batrack or struggles with unfamiliar wine-lists. He is a creature of habit, and can acquire the habit of exchange like any other. For the members of the United Service Club, who are at present using the Athenæum, custom has smoothed all the inconveniences of a change of quarters. Till the 20th the "Regimentals" go over to the "Mentals," and after that date the members of the Athenæum join forces with the men of war. Why is it that learned backs are instinctively straightened at the United Service portals?

*In Sussex.* Storrington, where Mrs. Emile Mond has been lying ill, is celebrated by the modern poets. Francis Thompson was inspired by its Downs and its daisies, and Mr. Hilaire Belloc has sung of its ale. Possibly neither its ale nor its daisies are much better than those of other localities in Sussex, but evidently they have particular power to charm. Mrs. Mond's house is Grey Friars, and if she follows the example of Miss Maude Petre's guests at the Home of Rest in the same village, she will prosper exceedingly in the sea air that comes wandering



ENGAGED TO THE HON. LAURA LISTER: LORD LOVAT.

Lord Lovat, who is the 16th Baron, won fame in the South African War by raising and commanding the cavalry force known as Lovat's Scouts. His bride is a daughter of Lord Ribblesdale.

*Photograph by Elliott and Fry.*

over the Downs. Lord and Lady Ingestre are also in Sussex, at Bramber; and at Lewes Mr. E. V. Lucas hits boundaries most Saturday afternoons. The Lewes Priory ground, belonging to one of the first clubs in the county, was once the vast fish-pond of a pre-Reformation priory. Drained and turfed, it provides such perfect wickets that now even "ducks" are rare there.

*The Coiner.* It seems but the other day, and is in reality only three or four years, since Mr. Bertram Mackennal was discovered at the Academy. I do not know how long he has exhibited there, but I well remember the day the word went round that he was a notable sculptor. When an artist's name makes part of the small-talk of an R.A. private-view, when he



ENGAGED TO MR. ERIC D. A. GOOCH: MISS GWYNEDD BROOKE-MEARES.

Miss Gwynedd Brooke-Meares is the youngest daughter of the late Colonel G. Brooke-Meares and a grand-daughter of the late Lord George Townshend. The marriage is to take place at Mombasa this autumn.—*[Photograph by Barnett]*



ENGAGED TO MR. O. GREAVES: MISS WEMYSS.

Miss Wemyss is a daughter of Lady Lilian Wemyss and the late Mr. Wemyss, of Wemyss and Torrie. Mr. Owain Greaves, to whom she is engaged, is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Greaves.

*Photograph by Rita Martin.*



TO BE MARRIED ON SATURDAY: MISS RUTH MARY HOLMES À COURT AND CAPTAIN C. E. FORREST, D.S.O.

Miss Ruth Holmes à Court is the younger daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Edward Holmes à Court, of the White House, Ilfley, Oxford. Captain Forrest is the second son of the late Mr. John Forrest, of Grymsdyke, Princes Risborough. Their wedding has been fixed for the 20th.

*Photographs by Lafayette.*

is bought by the Chantrey trustees—Mr. Mackennal has been twice bought within a short period—and praised by the President and his Council, he may count himself successful. Sir Edward Poynter, who is a friend of long standing of King George, and was received by his Majesty the other day, is naturally well pleased that a sculptor whose career he has himself done much to forward has been chosen as the designer of the new coinage. Mr. Mackennal's sudden uprising in the art-world has created an impression that he is still very young. As a matter of fact, he is exactly Mr. McKenna's age, but possessed of a boy's enthusiasm. He counts the day he received a sitting from the monarch whose features he is to put upon pound and penny as one of the most interesting he has encountered in forty-seven years.

*The Railway Sermon.* Literature is as necessary as the restaurant-car on the long journey Northwards, and the Scottish expresses have been well-laden with books during the last week. Lady Napier of Magdala's new novel, "How She Played the Game," has been much favoured; it is the best sort of book for an Englishman about to spend his time with his Scotch relatives, although it may annoy him. Roughly speaking, all Lady Napier's Scotch people are good, while her English people and her Italians are the wicked, mean, vulgar, and vain characters of the piece. What more wholesome preparation for a fortnight among the plaids and tartans? Lady Napier herself hails from the virtuous side of the Tweed, being a sister of Lord Macdonald of the Isles, and sister also to the new Lady Abdy. The title of Magdala comes from much farther afield. It was the name of the Abyssinian fortress stormed and taken by the first Baron Napier, who was cheated of a picturesque prisoner by the suicide of the king.



ENGAGED TO MISS GWYNEDD BROOKE-MEARES: MR. ERIC D. A. GOOCH.

Mr. Eric Gooch, who is in the 5th Lancers, is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Gooch, of Kingsmead, Matfield, Kent, and grandson of the late Sir Daniel Gooch, Bt.

*Photograph by Mayall.*

*A North Briton.* Lord Kintore has let his Aberdeenshire mansion, Keith Hall, to M. and Mme. Vagliano, and will probably spend the autumn on the Continent with Lady Kintore. On Friday he kept his fifty-eighth birthday. A keen shot, a keener mechanic, and a still keener politician, he has on many occasions earned the gratitude of his admired leaders, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour, ever since he contested Chelsea in 1880, the year in which he succeeded to the title.



## 'PLANING THE CHUTE: THE DAMPEST SPORT ON EARTH.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!")



THE GLIDER BEING DRAWN UP TO THE TOP OF THE CHUTE  
ON THE PLAUER SEE.



THE GLIDER STARTING ITS RUN DOWN THE WOODEN CHUTE  
ON ITS WAY TO THE WATER.



THE GLIDER IN THE AIR BEFORE ITS FALL INTO THE WATER.



THE GLIDER IN THE WATER AT THE END OF THE DESCENT.

The erection here shown has been set up on the Plauer See, Mecklenburg, by the Mecklenburg Motor-Yacht Club, that its members may combine instruction with at least a certain amount of amusement. The glider having been raised to the top of the chute and the passengers having taken their places, the glider is sent glissading down the slope to glide in the air for a short time and then to fall into the water, on the surface of which it floats.—[Photographs by Schert.]



# CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

**L**AST week we referred to Lord Lovat as the finest game-shot in Scotland.

But August fills the North with guns, and some of these rival the Highland chieftain. King George, in the opinion of many who have been able to compare notes, is one of the ablest shots in the kingdom, and as it is almost impossible to do a thing superlatively well without enjoyment, his Majesty finds that the moors are the recreation-grounds that mainly attract him. Just as the picture of Edward VII. most distinctly held in the memory is of a man in a "bowler," with field-glasses slung at his side, so the involuntary likeness of George V. that flashes on the mental eye is of a sportsman in shooting attire, with the keen eye of a sailor, and hands alertly ready to carry the gun they grasp to the niche of an expectant shoulder. The King's sport will, of course, be confined this year to his own estates at Balmoral and Sandringham; but it is expected that he will next year pay a series of visits during the shooting seasons.

*King George and the Memorial.* The Lord Mayor's Memorial Committee is magnificently varied.

All sorts and conditions of prominent men have found a place on it, with the possible result that all sorts and conditions of memorials will be proposed, and rejected. The danger of a compromise — of a scheme in which statues and the expenditure of a lot of money will figure conspicuously, without either profit or pleasure to the community at large, is the drawback of a too-liberally selected committee. But who, among individual men, could have been entrusted with the absolute control of the form which the memorial should take? King George might become dictator in the matter, and devise a scheme that would accord with the wishes of King Edward and perpetuate his memory in a worthy manner, but neither King George nor the nation would be wholly content to see the matter settled in that way. It is a national memorial for which the nation must be responsible from start to finish.

*The Problem.* The expenditure of a great sum of money is, in these times, the readiest way of expressing gratitude or of establishing a memorial, but the readiest way is not necessarily the perfect way. The building of a bridge, the reconstruction of Buckingham Palace, and all such schemes, give an opportunity for lavishly loyal contributions to the King Edward Memorial Fund, but, without architects and sculptors of genius, we shall not that way earn the gratitude of the future for our devotion. The hospitals offer a splendid field for the memorialist,



THE CHILDREN OF LORD AND LADY ROSSE: LORD OXMANTOWN AND LADY MARY BRIDGET PARSONS. The Earl of Rosse is an Irish peer whose seat is Birr Castle, in King's County. He married Frances Lois, daughter of Mr. Cecil Lister-Kaye. His son and heir, Lord Oxmantown, was born in 1906. Lady Mary Parsons was born in 1907.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

but the hospitals are always with us, and it is felt by many members of the Lord Mayor's Committee that the perfect scheme would be one which stood out from all ordinary works of charity. It will be found, however, that the hospitals have many supporters at the Mansion House. Let the money be given them; but let the perpetuation of King Edward's name be effected by its association with some beneficent legislation. A King Edward's Bill, whether it be in favour of Daylight Saving, of Decimal Coinage, or of some farther-reaching benefits, might well be devised by an Asquith-Balfour Conference to establish a daily commemoration of the late King.

*King Alfonso.* The party at Eaton is largely military, for at polo, as at dances, the officer is your man. But, for all that, the company is very varied. Mr. George Wyndham, whose ability in the field seems to be greater than ever, is, at the will of his hostess, polo-player or philosopher by turn, and King Alfonso has had anything but an idle week, physically or mentally, chasing Mr. Wyndham's ideas as readily as Mr. Wyndham's drives between the goals. King

Alfonso's versatility has been much commented upon, but it is always his versatility as a sportsman that is mentioned. The most remarkable thing about him is not that he can steer his boat, his pony, or his automobile, but that he can do these things to the approval of audiences that are entirely foreign to him. Eaton was hardly aware of a Spaniard in its midst; the impression was of a young man, foreign in nothing save his looks.

*Genius for Sonship.*

The sight of Lord Tennyson's name under a set of verses in a current magazine recalls the long association of the son with his father's muse. For many years he was the Laureate's secretary and worshipper-in-chief, and only after the poet's death did he allow the affairs of the prosaic world to distract him from his filial service. Even now, after a highly successful term as the first acting Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia, Lord Tennyson's nearest concern is the service of his father's memory. No edition of the works or critical reference to the dead Laureate escapes his solicitous eye, and he would have been content to spend his life in attendance upon his hero rather than win any fame of his own. In his father's household his duties were sometimes no weightier than the pouring of tea for the Laureate's guests or the listening to an oft-repeated poem; but that, for him, was greater glory than all the Colonies could offer.



JUST RECOVERING FROM A PAINFUL ACCIDENT: LADY DUNEDIN.

Lady Dunedin, who is recovering from the effects of a fall while stepping out of a French window, which necessitated an operation in Edinburgh, is the elder sister of the Hon. Mrs. George Keppel. They belong to a family of eight daughters, of whom they are the two youngest. Their only brother is Sir Archibald Edmonstone, the present baronet.

Photograph by M. Wane.



ON THE "SHAMROCK" WHEN THE TOP-MAST FELL: THE DUCHESS OF SANTONA. The Duchess of Santona, who was on board Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht at the same time as the King of Spain when the accident occurred, is the sister of the Duke of Alba, a descendant of the Stuarts. The Duke of Santona is a Grandee of Spain of the first order.—[Photograph by Barnett.]



THE DAUGHTERS OF MR. AND MRS. WILFRID ASHLEY: THE MISSES EDWINA AND MARY ASHLEY. Mr. Wilfrid Ashley, the Conservative member for Blackpool, married Miss Maud Cassel, Sir Ernest Cassel's only child.

Photograph by Bastano.



"DREADNOUGHT" SAYERS: A POPULAR "CUNNING BIT BODY."



No. IV.—ONE OF THE TWO MOST INTERESTING GOLFING "CHARACTERS" ALIVE: BEN SAYERS.

Ben Sayers (born in 1857) is one of the finest living specimens of the professional golfer of the old school, and he and Andrew Kirkaldy (his favourite partner in foursomes) are certainly the two most interesting golfing "characters" alive. Ben, a short, dapper, quick little man with a soft, easy, but very businesslike style in his golf, was a frequent participant in the great money foursomes in the middle ages of golf. His headquarters are at North Berwick, and there and elsewhere, being a splendid coach with a good manner, he has taught royalty and those of lesser degree how to play the game. His son, young Ben, is professional to the Royal Wimbledon Club, and a rising star. Young Ben discovered the now famous big-headed, whippy-shafted Dreadnought driver last season, and Ben senior perfected it, made the boom in it, and put his favourite amateur, Mr. Robert Maxwell, on to it to begin with, Mr. Maxwell winning the Amateur Championship, when using the club, soon afterwards.

Ben is, as the Scots would say, a "cunning bit body": he does very well, and is very popular.—[Photographs by Reinhold Thiele.]



# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

BY E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

## The World a-Dancing.

The most remarkable feature of the entertainment world in the season of 1909-10 has been the dancing—the most remarkable, not necessarily the most important: and this last season in this respect has only shown the culmination of a quite modern phenomenon. The curious outsider might enquire what part the theatres have taken in these triumphs of Terpsichore. The answer is short and simple—none. None, unless one takes into account the pretty dances to the delightful music of Mr. Norman O'Neill in "The Blue Bird," and here, although the work of Miss Ina Pelly was charming, there is nothing prodigious to record. Our curious outsider might ask whether the theatres were occupied with matters too serious for the introduction of dancing, and yet he could well suggest that dancing is so intimately associated with religion and with the origins of the theatre, that drama can hardly pretend to regard the dance as too frivolous for its boards. This, however, is not the place in which to discuss the relation of dancing to the drama of Greece, or to the religion of the Hebrews and other races, or to talk about the dancing of David or the efforts of Saul, which gave rise to the question, "Is Saul also among the prophets?" It is not the place, because we know very well that our theatre, as a whole, does not pretend to take itself seriously, and, in

fact, many of our playhouses present musico-dramatic entertainments of which it would seem quite natural that dancing should form an important element.

## Musical Comedy and the Dance.

Indeed, it is surprising that in musical comedy dancing should be such an unimportant feature. In the days of my youth, the Gaiety Theatre, parent of musical comedy, gave birth to a number of charming dancers. The chief, of course, was Kate Vaughan, a dancer of genius, who, like the rest of them, sought other triumphs than those of pure dancing, and so never took full advantage of her gifts. One may mention, without using the word "genius," yet in terms of very hearty admiration, such artists as Letty Lind, Sylvia Grey, Ada Wilson, and Phyllis Broughton. The word "genius" might almost be applied to Katie Seymour and her curious, piquante, self-evolved combination of styles. Some of these might have become great if they had been thoroughly trained and made to understand that to dance greatly and do nothing else is better than to dance very well and to sing fairly and act tolerably, and may lead to reputations far wider

is of no account, and that nearly all the efforts at dancing that we see are trivial little bits of acrobatic agility or unimportant scraps, in the performance of which the dancers, as a rule, are obviously ill at ease? There was a sort of boom at one time of the vulgar, displeasing cake-walk business, the bad impression of which upon the music has not wholly ceased.

## Refuge in the Halls.

Presumably the managers who deal in musical comedy and farce and the musical play and the play with music, etc., think that dancing will not draw. Even the facts that Isadora Duncan drew London for some weeks to the Duke of York's Theatre, that Ruth St. Denis has been earning a salary of nearly three hundred a week, and that Genée has acquired a world-wide reputation, did not dispel this delusion. The boom of the Russian dancers must have startled them, for that boom, which is far from exhausted, is based, as the managers must be aware, on true and beautiful art, logically belonging to the theatre. The cult of it must have proved highly lucrative, and yet the playhouses have stood aloof. Several of the musical pieces which have failed to the tune, this season, of many thousands of pounds, might have been kept on their legs by the entrechats and pirouettes of the Russians. The music-halls, and primarily the Empire, have kept alive dancing in England.

## The Outcome.

The matter is of considerable importance. Our drama is almost in the melting-pot, and the next few years will show surprising developments. Only the best specimens of the normal drama have nowadays any chance of life. New forms are being evolved, not new, it may be, in essentials, yet, in a sense, essentially new. Among them dancing is certain to take an important place, which, to some extent, will be determined by the degree to which those guiding the dance are able to appreciate the value of the new ideas in relation to scenery and costume that are now in the air. There is a feature in the matter annoying to one who, whilst believing that art is of no country, and sympathising with the efforts of foreigners, yet has an ineradicable insular desire for the triumph of his own people in art. So far as our dancers are concerned, we are not likely to play an important part in the development of the new drama of dance. We have a few young dancers of talent and promise, such as Miss Phyllis Bedells, but dancers have to be made as well as born, and the making is a process demanding several years. In fact, you must catch your dancer very young if you are to make her into more than an agreeable mediocrity.



A MOST SUCCESSFUL PUPIL OF MADAME YVETTE GUILBERT: Mlle. MONA GONDRE. Madame Guilbert believes that her little pupil, Mlle. Gondré, has a great future before her. She was most successful both this year and last at the famous diseuse's recitals at the Bechstein Hall. The photograph shows her in the name-part of Brieux's "Suzette," produced last winter at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris.—[Photograph by Felix.]

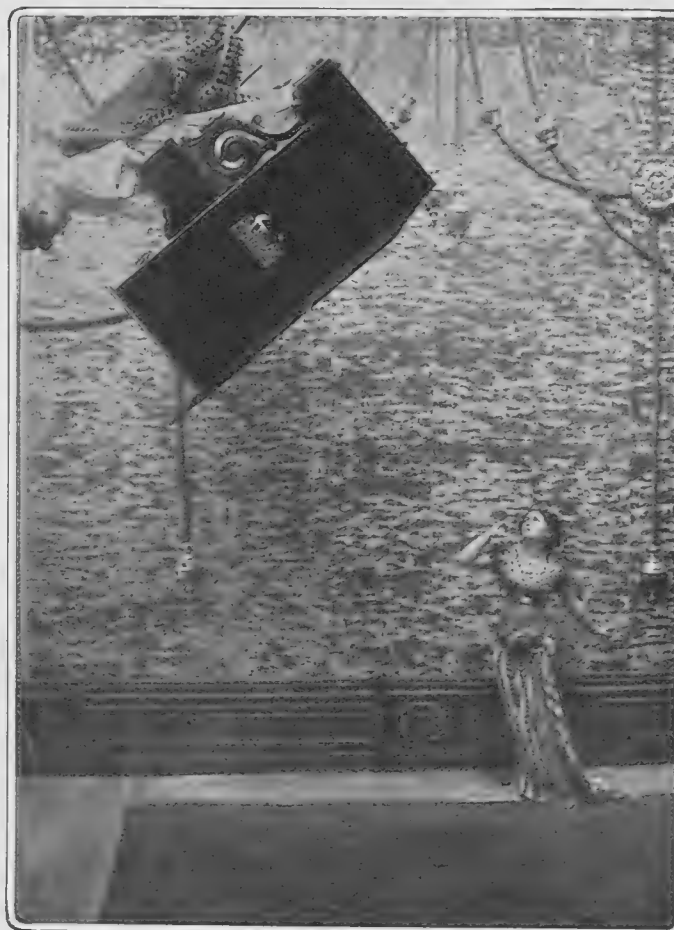


THE CHANGE IN "DOCTOR GRIMSBY RYLLOTT": MR. LYN HARDING AS SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Mr. Lyn Harding, whose remarkable study of the neurotic, half-mad Dr. Grimsby Rylott, in "The Speckled Band," has been fascinating all London by the power of its grimness, has just left that part in the capable hands of Mr. Herbert Waring, and has begun a tour in "Sir Walter Raleigh," playing the name-part, which, it will be recalled, was created at the Lyric by Mr. Lewis Waller. Mr. Harding opened at the Theatre Royal, Portsmouth, on Monday last. Miss Winifred Emery adds greatly to the strength of the cast by appearing in her original part, Queen Elizabeth.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]

than they enjoyed, and perhaps to bigger salaries as well. However, one refers to this group with sorrow for its disappearance, and wonder why it is unrepresented now. Who can explain the fact that in our numerous musico-dramatic entertainments the dancing



TAKING TO THE HIGH C<sub>s</sub>?—THE FLYING PIANO.

LITERALLY A GOOD "TURN": DURGA, WITH THE INSTRUMENT THAT SEEMS TO DEFY  
THE LAW OF GRAVITY.

Durga presents at the Pavilion a remarkable illusion, "The Flying Piano," exhibiting an instrument that seems to set the law of gravity at defiance. The piano having been brought on to the stage, the pianist enters and begins to play. A few passes are made by Durga, and piano and pianist float into the air. There they turn summersaults. As far as the audience are able to judge, the piano is unsupported.—[Photographs by Schneider.]

## BY "SKETCH" HUMOURISTS.



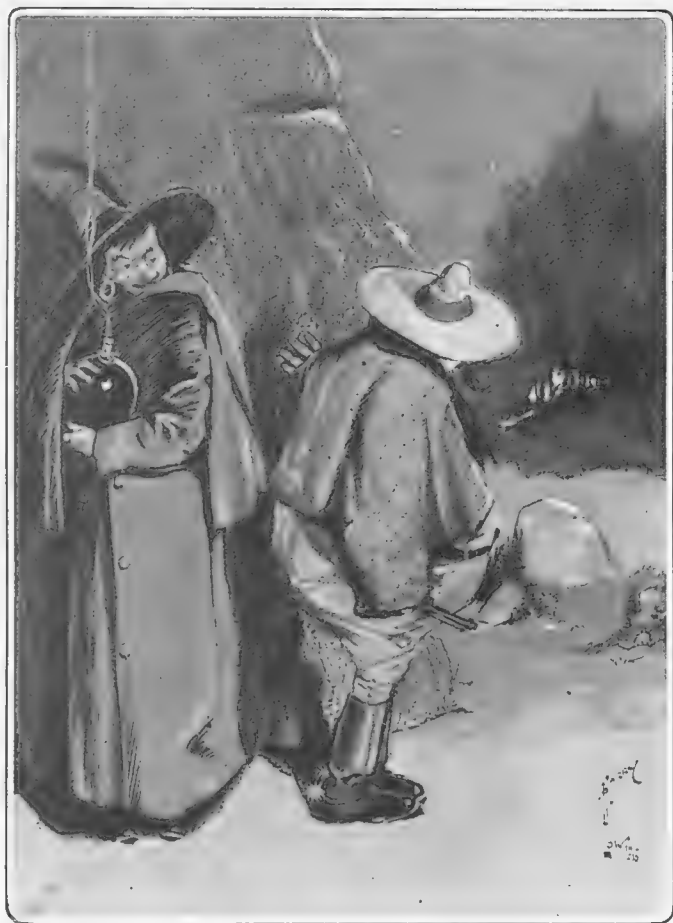
## THE SONG OF THE SWORED!

HESTHER ANN: Muvver, muvver! Our Billy's been an'—swored!  
DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBENY.



## THE MADE—OF PARLIAMENT SQUARE.

BROTHER BILL: Freddie—e! Come an' see the pagint. Joan of Hark with 'er hescort.  
DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBENY.



## A TERRIBLE THOUGHT.

THE FIRST CONSPIRATOR: Bah, but the dog of a President is very late. He should have passed here an hour ago.  
THE SECOND CONSPIRATOR: Carramba! I hope he has not met with an accident!  
DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.



## ALAS, HOW TREW!

Our artist suggests that, in view of the reign of the tight skirt, a better use may be found for hubby's old "trews" than exchanging them for semi-decayed plants. Each leg might form a capital skirt.  
DRAWN BY HAWLEY MORGAN.



GLARING EXAMPLES!



THE EVIL EYE: "CHAPERONS."

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

# KEYNOTES

## OF PROMENADE CONCERTS.

WITH the opening of the Promenade Concert Season, London enters upon the most important educational session known to the musical year. Mr. Wood's programme is fashioned upon the usual generous lines, with a Wagner night on Mondays and a Beethoven night on Fridays, with plenty of new soloists and a liberal sprinkling of novelties, for the most part by British composers. When we look back to the programmes of the Promenade Concerts, even in the early days of Mr. Newman's venture at the Queen's Hall, it is impossible not to mark the steady improvement that successive seasons have shown. Time was when the first part of a Promenade Concert programme was merely popular, and the second part was full of banalities. Only the most popular work of great composers could be given, and, for the rest, it is best to be silent. To-day one may hear the best music, finely rendered, and if Mr. Wood shows from time to time a marked tendency to insist upon the educational side of the work by scoring all his points in fashion that amounts to over-elaboration, it may be urged that a large section of the audience is not yet sufficiently *au courant* of the work given to be independent of aids that become a little tiresome to those who are quite familiar with the repertoire of the Queen's Hall Orchestra. Then, again, a considerable proportion of those who go to the Promenade Concerts rely upon them for their initiation into the world of classical music. The late summer-time is the season of their lightest labours; at other times, when the Symphony Concerts are given, they cannot attend, for many of these concerts are given in the afternoon, and even if they be given in the evening, the prices are relatively high, and the lower-priced seats, taken almost as soon as the concerts are advertised, cannot hold all who would be pleased to use them. Then, again, the right to smoke is one that hundreds of pleasure-seekers will not lightly forego. Even if all the music is not to their liking, there is the unfailing solace of a pipe. We read of Charles Lamb, as sensitive and critical a soul as ever illumined the

pages of literary history, weathering "a Mozartian storm" with the aid of foaming mugs of beer. Times have changed, and manners with them; the beer has gone, but the pipes of our Lady Nicotine still provide an invaluable counterpoint to the pipes of the great god Pan and the lyre of Apollo. The concert-giver who in the spring or autumn season will take his courage in both hands and persuade the manager of the concert-hall of his choice to admit smokers to his concert, may yet change the aspect of many a beggarly array of empty benches. It is tobacco that enables the Promenade Concert Hall to enter into active and effective competition with both the music-hall and the Exhibition, that draws the man whose love for classical music is

work of less worth than notoriety would have seemed quite tolerable had it been possible and seemly to produce a well-beloved meerschauum. It would have helped, through a torrent of unmeaning noise, to afford a reminder that the composer, in all human probability, had done his best and that he must have been compelled to listen to his own utterances more than once. The qualities of mercy and toleration would have risen like gentle dew from the pipe-bowl.

It is impossible not to pay tribute of admiration to Mr. Wood and his fine orchestra, when we remember that not only do they labour for six nights out of seven, but that they must add rehearsals to their nightly task. The clamour for novelties seems a little unreasonable, the complaints when these novelties suggest in their rendering a lack of complete rehearsal, rather unkind. It must be hard to summon a nightly enthusiasm for so long a task, and so to interpret noble music that its utterance may have the proper spontaneous effect. Even an audience that does not attend concerts regularly may well feel tired and jaded on a hot night in late summer, when there is thunder in the air, and London gives some of the effect of an ill-ventilated Turkish bath. But for orchestra and conductor there must be no flagging energies; the work must be given in high spirits—nothing less will carry through a long and varied programme; the music must supply an audience with the measure of exhilaration of which it stands in need, though the players may well be more tired than the listeners.

Considered fairly, the Promenade Concerts are among the most interesting musical functions in London, and the value for money is extraordinary. Only one problem remains unsolved—that of a bountiful supply of fresh air. There are hours when, for lack of this, enjoyment suffers seriously. Attempts have been made to grapple with the difficulty, but they have hardly been successful hitherto. Even the afternoon concerts, if very well attended, lead to the creation of an atmosphere that leaves much to be desired, and during the Promenade Concert Season conditions are rather worse. A sliding roof would do much to solve the difficulty, but the effect upon sound might make the remedy worse than the complaint. A ventilating machine installed a few years ago did not do much more than add one persistent note, natural, if memory serves truly, to all the utterances of the orchestra, with the result that the ventilation was generally out of the key. Doubtless Messrs. Chappell have existing difficulties under consideration, and in the meantime there is something to be said for the Queen's Hall atmosphere. It sends visitors into the streets under the delightful delusion that the open air of London is really fresh and stimulating.—COMMON CHORD.



IN LONDON BY PERMISSION OF THE TSAR: M. TROJANOWSKI, A LEADING BALALAIKA PLAYER IN HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY'S COURT ORCHESTRA, WHICH IS TO APPEAR AT THE COLISEUM.

The members of M. Andreeff's Russian Imperial Balalaika Orchestra, which will be heard at the London Coliseum on Monday next (the 22nd), and for some weeks afterwards, had to obtain permission from their Imperial master, the Tsar, before they could come to London. It will be recalled that it was this orchestra which was twice commanded by the late King. To M. Andreeff, its chief, must be given the credit of having moved the Russian national instrument from obscurity to great prominence and Imperial recognition.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

still in its platonic stage, and doubtless many who go to smoke remain to listen, just as a few who go to listen remain to smoke. Certainly tobacco makes listening easy and even pleasant: I confess that there have been occasions in recent years when some modern



WITH HIS INSTRUMENT OF IRON KEYS ON HOLLOW GOURDS: A WANDERING MUSICIAN FROM THE BUILA DISTRICT.

Our correspondent writes: "The photograph represents a travelling musician, who corresponds very much with our ancient minstrel. The man does not belong to my district, but hails from the Buila District, and I sent a special messenger to get him to come down to me so that I might see and hear him play. His services are highly valued among the natives, and he is held in great repute and treated with great respect. He is the tribal historian, and has in his knowledge all tribal traditions and songs of bygone deeds. There are very few of these travelling musicians now left. This is the only one I have ever seen. His instrument consists of iron keys, each separately attached to hollow gourds of varying lengths. The white mark on each gourd is a hole very skillfully covered over with the web of a particular spider, and is said to add greatly to the melodious sound of the instrument. The keys are struck with a stick, and this particular instrument was in perfect harmony. The owner told me that it had been in his family for generations, and though I offered him a large sum, he refused to part."



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## SAFETY IN NUMBERS.



THE BOOKSELLER: This, Sir, is an excellent book on swimming, and a very useful one, too.

THE CUSTOMER: Useful?

THE BOOKSELLER: Yes, Sir. If ever you find yourself drowning, you have only to turn to pages 88 and 89 and there you will find full instructions how to save yourself.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.

## ASKING THE IMPOSSIBLE.

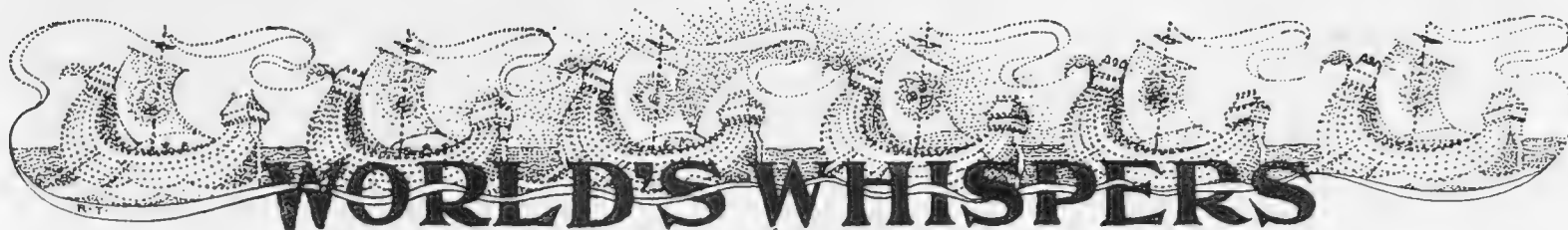


THE SAILOR BOY (to THE LITTLE STRANGER): Will you marry me when we grow up?

THE LITTLE STRANGER: No! I don't think mother would like it—'cos I'm a little boy too.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.





# WORLD'S WHISPERS

THE new Ambassador bears to St. Petersburg a considerable reputation for the engaging qualities that count for more in the Russian capital than in any other. In Paris an Englishman need be only typically English to find approval; in Rome he is *persona grata* provided he is fully alive to the national ambitions of united Italy; in Madrid he is *sympatico* if he is sincere and open; in Berlin he must gain admiration as a man of the world and of discretion, but in St. Petersburg he must have all the qualities, and most of the languages, that pass current in other lands. Sir George Buchanan is a man of experience, tact, and charm, and a linguist of no narrow range. In Berlin he proved himself as familiar with German literature as with the idiom of diplomacy, and his translation of "Faust" has been commended by the critics. But he himself prefers the original.

## Sir George and Lady Georgina.

Lady Georgina is not displeased with the busy prospect offered by St. Petersburg. Although as yet she has never filled the part of Ambassador's wife, she has understudied it with notable success in Rome and Berlin, and at the Hague she and her daughter, during the last two years, have become prominent as the popular ladies of a most popular Minister-Plenipotentiary. Lady Georgina severs her connection with the Hague just at the moment when the Arbitration



MLLE. MARGUERITE GUINGUETA,  
OF BORDEAUX.

Courts there have resounded with Mr. Root's sonorous allusions to her ancestor, the first Earl Bathurst. Her brother is the seventh and present Earl.

## The Invasion of Canada.

Lord and Lady Bathurst's departure for Canada also more or less coincides with the re-association of the family name with North America. They are at present at Pinbury Park, Cirencester, and do not sail till the 19th. Lord and Lady Albemarle and Lord Clinton have already left for the Dominion, and other prominent people are crossing the Atlantic's August blue for "Our Lady of the Snows."

## The Poster Plague.

While the Londoner is in the country London is busy getting her pavements to rights. The wheels that carry him home will run in many streets more smoothly than those that bore him to the station of departure. But, meanwhile, all is not well with the country. The advertisement-hoarding is becoming a serious nuisance, and numerous visitors to the New Forest will be relieved to hear the Deputy Surveyor, the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, has written to the Hampshire County Council calling their attention to the numbers and size of the posters

that disfigure the roads about Lyndhurst. Mr. Lascelles attributes the increase of such advertisements to the motors; the bill-sticker goes bill-sticking wherever he is likely to catch the eye of the man who buys tyres and petrol. But England has not got the poster-plague so badly as France. On a road leading right across the country as far as the Riviera, the placards of a certain tyre-company are placed at intervals as regular and as frequent as the men with green lights who guarded the King's way to Scotland last week.



MLLE. MARCELLE DUFILLA,  
OF VALENCIA.

## FOREIGN BEAUTIES WITH WHOM ENGLAND'S BEAUTY QUEEN WAS IN COMPETITION LAST WEEK.

It was arranged that Miss Mamie Whittaker, who was recently awarded the title of Beauty Queen of England, at Folkestone, should meet various foreign beauty queens and representatives in competition on Friday of last week. We give portraits of four of the ladies who entered.—[Photographs by Rossillon.]



MLLE. SIMONE DE BERYL,  
OF PARIS.

*The Carpets Bagged.* Lord Northampton has the advantage of his fellows; he has returned from his special Accession Mission with a couple of fine carpets to supplement his travelling-rugs. When the Sultan bade him accept the carpets, Lord Northampton may, for a moment, have remembered rumours of the transitoriness of Eastern offerings; but in this case the gift was not an empty form, and no opportunity was given to return it to an obsequious Chamberlain. Lord Granard left Norway, not with a carpet, but with many pleasant memories of his Mission.

## Harmless Disasters.

Sir Thomas Lipton found during the Cowes week many things to remind him of old times. In the first place, the skipper of Mr. Cochran's *Westward* was the man who steered the American defender to victory in response to Sir Thomas's challenges, so that he and his old rival were once more in direct competition. Then, when, with the smashing of a topmast, Sir Thomas's gear fell within a few yards of King Alfonso, he instantly recalled another accident of a similar nature. Edward VII. was his guest at the time, and, instead of escaping by yards, the late King escaped the falling spars and ropes by inches. Sir Thomas has been very fortunate in his accidents, considering what they might have been!



MLLE. ROSINE AUTEREAN,  
OF COURBEVOIE.

*Winston's Holiday.* The official announcement that the duties of the Home Secretary will be discharged during his absence by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs suggests that Mr. Winston Churchill can indulge in a heart-free holiday. But although Sir Edward Grey is ready to lay hold of any amount of tedious labour on his friend's behalf, there is one field of responsibility in which nobody can do the Home Secretary's work for him. This task is the exercise of the prerogative of pardon. The granting of a reprieve may be burdensome; the refusal of a reprieve is a well-nigh intolerable responsibility. It is a responsibility that the public conscience refuses to impose upon a monarch, but does not hesitate to put upon any young man who accepts office as Home Secretary.



By HENRY LEACH.

**Holiday Partners.**

Apart from the matter of playing to excess and inducing staleness and incompetency, upon the miseries of which I have already written, the number of other ways in which the pleasure and success of a golfing-holiday may be seriously marred is considerable. The golfing-holiday is really full of pitfalls, and the player must enter upon it cautiously and with a strong mind. I pray that I may make no reader so timid and nervous that he fears the expedition that he has arranged with his clubs, and I would assure him again that there is no holiday in life so splendid as this one. What we want is to make it as good as possible and to bring about a minimum of after-regrets. The necessity for the most perfect discrimination in the choice of companions is obvious. Each to his taste and ideas; but, for my part, I think it is better to go off alone, so long as you are putting up at a dormy house or real golfers' hotel, or know your way about the club and course, than with one friend only, unless you know all his



MR. PUNCH'S CHIEF CARTOONIST ON THE LINKS; MR. BERNARD PARTRIDGE AS GOLFER.

Mr. Bernard Partridge, who has just succeeded the late Linley Sambourne as Mr. Punch's chief cartoonist, has been junior cartoonist to that journal for some considerable time, and did the chief cartoons during Mr. Sambourne's illness. Mr. Partridge, who is forty-five, is a son of the late Professor Richard Partridge, President of the College of Surgeons and Professor of Anatomy to the Royal Academy. He joined the staff of "Punch" in 1891.—[Photograph by Record Press.]

innermost secrets to the extent that, if necessary, you can afford to be rude to him and he will not take offence. When on a golfing-expedition, it is not a good thing to be too much dependent on one man, for his moods are apt to be a nuisance when he is either very much off his game or very much on it. Then, if you do go away with one man, I think it is a good thing to agree not to play with each other more than one day a week, or two days at most, unless there are no other matches to be had. When you play with each other constantly you have nothing to talk about at dinner, as you each know everything that happened, and in any remarks you make are obliged to be truthful and accurate.

**Too Much Smoking.**

Now there are two ordinary seaside holiday habits that need special consideration in their relation to golf. They are the habits of smoking and bathing. We are nearly all agreed that the habitual smoker smokes more than ever when playing golf, and wishes he did not, because he would like to inhale the fresh air unmixed with anything else and get all the good that is possible from it. When going forward to his holiday golf on a seaside links he determines to

deny himself and to smoke less than ever; but he smokes more — often to a most violent excess, particularly if his temperament is a little nervous and his matches are hard and straining. It is difficult to help this man, but we may give him two good tips. It is not so much the smoke that he wants — although, personally, when I am two down with three to play, having abstained all the round so far, nothing braces me and steadies me for the big effort so much as a cigarette — as something in his mouth. Anything will do. An empty pipe has been found to answer perfectly, especially as you get some taste of tobacco from it; and toothpicks are splendid. You should take two or three bundles of large toothpicks in your kit bag, and take at least a couple out with you at the beginning of the round, as, in my own case, I have generally eaten one by the time I get to the turn. Then I can always putt better at the last few holes when the surviving toothpick is still in fairly good condition. It is certainly on the putting-greens that the influence of the toothpicks tells most. They are magnificent then. Let those who think I may be exaggerating in this matter try this dodge, and let me tell them that toothpicks have been used to win championships with. Some other people use gelatine-lozenges and acid-drops; but golfers will eat these instead of sucking them, and if the match is a severe one, they nervously eat them in too large quantities. I know a man who once ate two ounces of gelatine-lozenges during his play at the first four holes, simply because he had a sovereign on the match.



MR. PUNCH'S CHIEF CARTOONIST; MR. BERNARD PARTRIDGE, WHO GIVES GOLF AS HIS ONLY RECREATION

Photograph by Record Press.



A DISTINGUISHED FIELD-MARSHAL ARMED WITH A "DREADNOUGHT", LORD KITCHENER EMPLOYING HIS LEISURE IN GOLF AT NORTH BERWICK.

Lord Kitchener, the distinguished Field-Marshal, being amongst the unemployed just now—a state from which all who know his great military genius hope that he will soon be delivered—has taken to golf in his spare time. He played his first game, at North Berwick, the other day. He was coached by George Sayers, brother of the famous professional, Ben Sayers. Sayers wrote of his first essay at the royal and ancient game as follows: "He appeared to be suited naturally to the three-quarter swing. . . . His first drive for the home hole at North Berwick, although encouraging . . . did not satisfy him, and he followed up this effort by a really surprising straight drive to the distance of fully 180 yards. . . . He played some capital shots with my Dreadnought driver."

Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News," by permission.

**Bathing Barred.**

The bathing question is one of enormous importance and some difficulty. It sometimes takes a golfer many years to find out exactly what is best for him in this matter. The players of this game are naturally and notoriously of very healthy and cleanly ways, and they are great on baths of all kinds. No class of the community, except the underground managers of coal mines, takes two baths a day more regularly. Then when the golfer goes to the seaside he naturally wants to swim in the sea. Young golfers, please observe carefully that it has been proved beyond all doubt that the morning dip is a very bad thing for one's game. It brings about some kind of contraction of the muscles that simply paralyses one's game. If I have given a man two strokes in the morning, and he has beaten me six and four, I have sometimes offered to give him six strokes in the afternoon, if he will take a plunge into the sea before lunch, and when he has accepted I have generally got my money back. The ordinary cold bath in the morning is all right, but a rather warm one at night is the best thing for removing stiffness and fatigue. When your hands become very sore, soak them in really hot water at night; but don't pick at the thick-skin places afterwards.



# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

## Dropping Bombs.

The employment of aeroplanes in the destruction of a hostile fleet by dropping high explosives from a considerable altitude upon the decks of the warships has been the subject of much discussion since the aeroplane became practical. A dispatch-throwing competition carried out at Lanark would seem to throw some light upon the possibilities of aeroplanes in naval warfare. Grace and Ogilvie were the only two competitors who would essay the competition in the wind which was blowing at the time, neither Radley nor the crack, Cattaneo, caring to undertake the job.

The dispatches, in the shape of oranges, had to be dropped from a height of 50 feet into a circle 12 feet in diameter; but Grace could only get within 24 feet of the bull's-eye, while Ogilvie's best throw was 62 feet to the bad. Now, no hostile aeroplane would dare to approach within 50 feet of a battle-ship, or anything like it, and as the aviator would be under observation at a necessarily much greater height, the bomb would be seen dropping and the vessel could probably be manoeuvred to miss the shell. So there is comfort in the thought that our Dreadnoughts may be more easily protected against aeroplanes than has been imagined.



HOW THE AIRMAN WOULD COME TO GROUND UNINJURED: THE NEW PARACHUTE FOR AVIATORS IN USE.

We give three illustrations of a new device designed to save airmen from being dashed to the ground should their aeroplanes fail them in mid-air. This takes the form of a special parachute, which it is intended shall be carried on the flying-machine in such a way that it will be released instantly in the case of an accident. In the right-hand photograph the motor-car is moving at a speed equal to that of the average aeroplane in flight, and the parachute is seen opening.

it was an offshoot, and the National Cyclists' Union. Since the advent of motoring, the Association has very properly looked for, and obtained, support from the automobile community, particularly from the Motor Union, whose late energetic and resourceful secretary, Mr. Rees Jeffries, nursed it into great usefulness. Now that that ceaseless worker has passed over to the new Road Board, which appointment speaks volumes for the perspicacity of those responsible for it, the Motor Union and the Roads Improvement Association have other secretaries to seek. Mr. Wallace E. Riche now serves the R.I.A., before which body there opens out a new and important field of activity in preparing schemes of road improvement and submitting them to the Road Board.

## "Rambles in Surrey."

Notwithstanding his motor-phobia, I will recommend all motorists who love the bijou county of Surrey, and who desire knowledge of interesting bits to be looked up, to get them a copy of "Rambles in

Surrey," by J. Charles Cox, LL.D., F.S.A. (Methuen). Mr. Cox knows his Surrey inside out, and writes most charmingly, learnedly—albeit always simply—and pleasantly on its scenery and antiques. But he is terribly wide of the mark when he suggests that scenery cannot be enjoyed from a motor-car; and yet, if he means what he says about the Hog's Back, this must be so. Hear him! "Spurn the temptation, as though poisonous, to tear along this ancient course in a motor, as do the idle, unintelligent rich day by day. Such action seals the wits and obscures the vision, while the thoughts are for the most part carnal, pondering over the lunch to be consumed at either Guildford or Farnham." Mr. Cox suggests walking, in which case little or nothing can be seen of the fine views on each side, by reason of the high hedges. No; a motor, taken slowly, is absolutely the best way to enjoy the Back. Let Mr. Cox try it.

## Argyll Bodies.

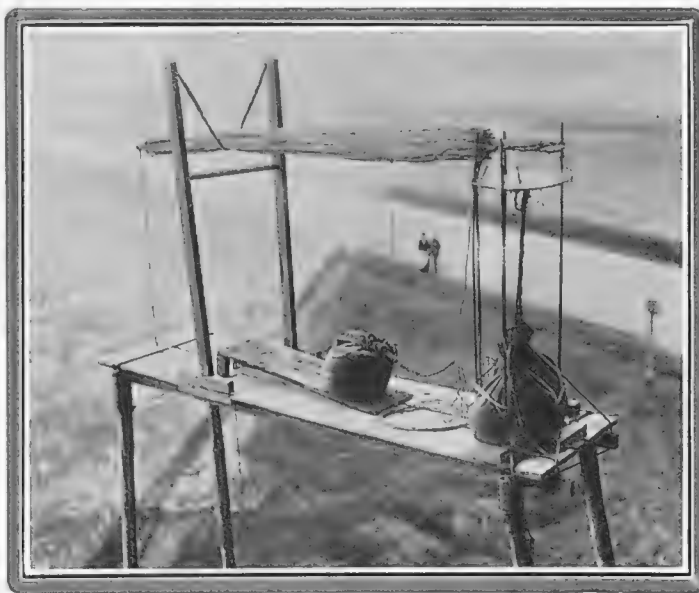
Convenience undoubtedly results to the private purchaser when his motor-car is turned out lock, stock, and barrel by the same firm. The satisfaction resulting from single responsibility for both the engineering and coach-building work has been so great that several of our leading automobile firms now run big body-making departments. Not the least of the houses to do this are Messrs. Argylls, Ltd., who devote more than usual attention to body-making, and whose body-making plant is second to none in the kingdom. Many improvements have issued from these shops, not the least being the introduction of valance-boxes which completely fill in the ugly gap between the lower flange of the frame and the footboard. These valance-boxes are arranged to provide accommodation for all tools and spares, also luncheon and tea kits—indeed, almost anything that a motorist needs to take along.

## Wanted—the Perfect Silencer.

It is gratifying to learn that the Royal Automobile Club have, on the recommendation of the Expert and Technical Committee, decided to include silencer and carburetter trials in the programme of forthcoming events. In a motor-car engine the quality of silence is a desideratum beyond words, and an indispensable accessory which makes largely for that quality is an efficient silencer. Now there are many silencers that will silence the exhaust of an internal-combustion engine until the issue of spent gas disturbs one no more than the breathing of a sleeping child, but the majority do this at the expense of efficiency. That is to say, they create back-pressure, dam up the exhaust, and consequently heat up the engine much more than is at all desirable. What is wanted is a silencer that will silence absolutely, and yet produce no back-pressure. Indeed, rather the reverse, for I recall a report of some silencer trials by the French club, in which it was stated that, while one silencer absolutely silenced, it also improved the engine pull. This is what we want.



A PARACHUTE FOR AIRMEN UNFORTUNATE ENOUGH TO FALL WHILE IN MID-AIR: TESTING THE APPARATUS ERECTED ON A HIGH STAGING ON A MOTOR-CAR.



DESIGNED TO SAVE THE FALLING AIRMAN, THE NEW PARACHUTE AND ITS FITTINGS.

Photographs by Branger

[Continued on a later page.]

# CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

**Two-Year-Olds.** Which is the best two-year-old? is a question that may not be answered before the Middle Park Plate, and then not satisfactorily, for of five horses of that age that have most adherents only three have liabilities in the Two-Year-Old Derby—namely, Pietri, Seaforth, and Cellini. The other two, St. Nat and Manwolf, are unfortunately but sparsely engaged, and steer clear of the other three, with the exception that the last-named and Seaforth are both nominated for the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes at Derby. St. Nat's only remaining engagement this year is in the Houghton Stakes, a race over the Rowley Mile at Newmarket. The running of the horses named seems to indicate that there is not very much to choose between St. Nat and Seaforth, who have both beaten Sunstar very easily, the one at Goodwood and the other at Ascot. The question of supremacy cannot be settled this year, and the first opportunity that offers is a race at Haydock Park in August next year, before which time the whole situation may be changed. Many people regard Mr. L. de Rothschild's colt Pietri as the best of his age, and they have many arguments to support their claim. When he ran at Ascot, in the race won by Radiance, he finished behind Cellini, and he was undoubtedly below par. Since that day he has not known defeat, and has, on the other hand, shown rapid improvement. He beat Nerestan by a head at Newmarket, and at Goodwood made a great impression by the manner in which he vanquished Romeo.

**Jockeys.** I think we are going to see a first-class duel between Maher and Frank Wootton for the jockey championship this season. Maher started the season very well, and early took a useful lead, which his younger rival has not been able to overtake—indeed, he fell further in the rear as a consequence of his suspension. Since that period ended he has reduced the gap somewhat, but at a slow rate, and he is still a poor second. Nor will he be able to claim such a great advantage during the Nursery season as of yore, for he is riding about a stone heavier than this time last year, and so will be barred from taking the mounts on the well-kept, lightly weighted ones that are usually to be discovered in two-year-old handicaps. Maher seems to be keen on the game, in spite of the reports published that he would only occasionally be seen in the saddle. Perhaps his holiday at St. Moritz in the winter made him so fit that he found himself naturally inclined once more towards riding. Or mayhap his successes in the first week or two of the season caused

him to reconsider the situation. He is so indisputably the best jockey riding that I am pleased to hear that he will, next season, ride first jockey for Lord Rosebery, who has a similar claim on him for this season. Two promising light-weights that have come to the front this season are Rickaby and Winter, who are apprenticed to Felix Leach. They both ride with plenty of dash and confidence, and should gain more patronage when they have lost their allowance than the average boy.

## Mr. Buchanan's Horses.

Not often does one see a horse entered for an important handicap that has been considered hopelessly broken down, but this is the case with Mr. Buchanan's Pillo, whose name is to be found in the Cesarewitch nominations. He has not run for two years, and has spent a good deal of that time at Mr. Coleman's veterinary establishment at Epsom. What a triumph it would be for Mr. Coleman firstly and for Robinson, the trainer, secondly, should the colt go through the preparation necessary for such a race without succumbing to the strain! Pillo was regarded as a very useful horse in his younger days; indeed, such high hopes were entertained of him that he was entered for the Ascot Gold Cup last year. It is not the only horse with which Mr. Buchanan has suffered the extreme of bad luck. An even worse instance was Mountain Apple, who was justly regarded as one of the best of his age, and his prospects in the Derby looked particularly promising; so much so, that he was heavily backed. Rounding Tattenham Corner his success seemed assured, and people were getting ready to congratulate Mr. Buchanan on ending a long period of ill-fortune, when the horse collapsed and did not finish in the first three. The explanation at the time seemed to be that the horse could not stay, but it turned out

that he was suffering from an internal malady, and the surprise was that he should have run so well. Last year, the running of Tressady raised hopes afresh that Mr. Buchanan's colours might be carried to success in the Derby. But disappointment was again in store. The colt looked like winning the Craven Stakes, when he swerved right across the course, and in the Two Thousand Guineas he knocked under to Neil Gow, Lemberg, and Whisk Broom. He was subsequently scratched for the Derby, and has not been out since. Mr. Buchanan is such a lavish supporter of the Turf that he deserves better fortune. May it soon come his way.



TO RIDE IN THE PRIMROSE AND ROSE HOOPS AGAIN; D. MAHER, UPON WHOSE SERVICES LORD ROSEBERY IS ONCE MORE TO HAVE FIRST CALL. Lord Rosebery has arranged once more to have first call on the services of D. Maher. Maher, it will be remembered, was not successful in the Derby of this year, when he rode Neil Gow, but he won the Blue Ribbon of the Turf in 1905, on Cicero. Other notable victories of his include the winning of the Two Thousand Guineas, on Neil Gow, and the remarkable dead-heat for the Eclipse Stakes last month.

Photograph by Sports Co.



GIVEN COMPULSORILY (YET WILLINGLY) BY PEERS. PASSING THROUGH OAKHAM; THE HORSE-SHOES AT OAKHAM CASTLE.

When Oakham Castle was built, Walcheline de Ferrars, Master of the Horse to the Duke of Normandy, whose ancestor bore arms semée of horse-shoes, was granted the right to demand from every Baron who passed through Oakham for the first time a shoe from one of his horses, to be nailed upon the Castle gates. To quote an old history of Oakham: "The custom is still preserved, but has long been compounded in money as a kind of fee to the bailiff, who takes care to be provided with shoes of different sizes, in proportion to the generosity of the donor. . . . Most of them are of wood, gilt, with the donors' names inscribed upon them." There is one that was the gift of Queen Elizabeth; one given by George IV.; one by Queen Victoria; and one by King Edward VII.—[Photograph by Stocks, Uppingham.]

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



# WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**Dinard S'amuse.** It is extraordinary how certain cosmopolitan places resemble each other in their ways and manners, and especially in their attitude towards the occupation of the idle, that of killing the old man with the scythe who finally kills them also, they and their vanities and frivolities, their little loves, and still more diminutive dislikes. Thus, as you saunter down the white Rue du Casino at Dinard—with its lace and lingerie shops, its windows filled with jewelled chains and English coloured prints, catching a glimpse of this surprising azure Breton sea, you might reasonably imagine yourself at Monte Carlo. For do not English and Americans form the chief migratory population, and are there not precisely the same young Parisians disguising themselves as English in the most "correct" clothes from Savile Row? Is there not a Terrace, where you show yourself at two strictly defined hours; and is not the chief amusement here—as at Monte Carlo—that of losing your money on an erratic little ball which is set swirling by the selfsame croupiers you may see on any winter's day at Monte Carlo, though here in Brittany baccarat, duly protected and taxed by the State, takes the place of trente-et-un?

**The Strange Absence of Teutons.** However, in one respect Dinard is different from Monaco, and that is in the entire absence of Germans. If you were to search it from end to end, I do not think you would find one Prussian, or Bavarian, or even Austrian, in this pleasing watering-place. Teutons swarm immoderately in all the pleasure spots of Europe nowadays, but somehow they have passed Dinard by in their search for amusement. The Entente Cordiale, on the other hand, flourishes amazingly, while for the modish American, this Breton *bains-de-mer* is another, and equally expensive, Newport or Bar Harbour. It must be admitted that, unfortunately, American prices reign, and that the Frenchman and the Englishman, who do not expend a small fortune on their summer holiday, are mostly moving out towards the cheaper off-shoots, such as St. Enogat, St. Lemaire, and St. Briac. A marked predilection on the part of the natives for litigation with the summer visitor is also a drawback, for the harassed foreigner, had up, on ridiculous pretexts, before the *juge de paix*, will return no more, but take himself to a more hospitable spot. Perhaps the German—always well-informed about foreign countries—is aware of this trait, and this may account for his absence from Dinard and its suburbs.

**Beauty and the Potato-Chips.** Meanwhile, American manners rule, and trans-Atlantic tastes are catered for on the Casino terrace, where the band plays daily an assortment of rag-time two steps, and a procession of assiduous

waiters brings cock-tails at noon to the idlers in basket-chairs who never seem to tire of staring at each other. The men gulp down their "dry Martinis" without accompaniment, but the pretty American women drink theirs with cold fried potato-chips, a singular form of nourishment which it is the mode at Dinard to convey to your mouth with Nature's utensil, your fingers. Fried potato-chips, I hear, are the latest fantasy of the fair in American sea-side places of the highest fashion, and they must be consumed in no other way than with the aid of rosy, perfectly manicured fingers. Thus the most dazzling beauties of Dinard—including those who are lovely and youthful enough to wear the new poke bonnet—may be seen toying with this homely vegetable in just this primeval manner. Wonderful are the ways of fashion, for nothing more unlikely could have been conceived than that beautiful ladies should drink gin-and-vermouth in public while helping themselves to cold fried potatoes with their bare, beringed hands.

**The Charm of Dinard.** The real attractions of Dinard lie, not so much

in the little town on the bay itself, as in the walks and in the jaunts which may so easily be taken, in a motor, to see ancient châteaux round about. Is there not Le Vicomté, that walk which runs half round the bay of St. Malo, fringed by sea-pines, which bring up a vision of the promontory of the Cap St. Martin at Mentone? This walk is one of the prettiest in Europe, and is quite deserted by the gay Dinard visitors, who prefer the Casino or the crowded *plage* to the charms of sea and landscape combined. Then, for a short run, there is Dinan, with its ramparts and river, its wonderful viaduct and green woods, its ubiquitous blue-coated cavalry, its matchless tea-shops, its shady *place*, where the band plays—though, to be candid, I have never, during frequent visits, seen it performing—and all the shady green country which wraps it round as in a verdant mantle. Farther afield, there is the ancient moated château of Les Ifs, with its towers and drawbridge, perched on a hill-top which overlooks a vast stretch of Breton lands. This castle is occupied, but wears a slightly shabby, unkempt aspect, as do, indeed, many of the residences of the Quality hereabouts. At the Norman castle of Combours,

where lived the poet Châteaubriand as a boy—and where they show you his books and manuscripts, the bed he died in, his chair, and other personal belongings—there is, however, modern luxury, and even a well-kept park; but flowers are few in these French country "places," and nowhere, at any rate in Brittany, do you get anything approaching the modern English garden, with its riot of colour and its radiant perfection.



A CHIFFON GOWN OVER GLACIER-BLUE SATIN, WITH AN EMBROIDERED HEM AND AN INSET OF EMBROIDERY ROUND THE NECK.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### Pavamenta.

It is not a new disease, but a frame of mind and a rack of sole, and I'm going to be rid of it. One does not think of pavamenta when there are distractions; but when all the people one knows go away, and only the dentist and the shampooer are left to one, then pavamenta lowers your mind and burns your soles—of this kind there are a pair—until it is a case of go, or die of dullness. I would have gone, but not a berth was to be had last week on the North-going expresses, and we heard an instance of three single gentlemen being rolled into one! This week we are away to the merry, merry moors and the brown rivers and the wide sea and the golf courses, and leave pavamenta behind us.

### A Queer Ladder.

In search of relief last Sunday, we motored into Surrey and had tea at a farm, where we heard of a remarkable old fresco in Chaldon Church, near by. It was wonderful, having been found under whitewash, and supposed to date from near 1200. It is called the Ladder of Salvation—a very narrow and straight one, up which some attenuated figures are struggling painfully. At one side, evildoers are walking on a saw barefooted, and undergoing other forms of torture suggested by a lively imagination; while, on the other, his Satanic Majesty is dealing with murderers in a cauldron with, probably, hot oil in it. Enoch and Elijah have emulated modern airmen's methods, and joined the ladder near the top by flights, unaided, however, by aeroplanes. A very prosaic touch is added at the entrance to Heaven, where the Archangel is weighing souls, and our old enemy Nick is tipping the balance. There are lots of other interesting details. The work is rudimentary, but the dramatic or melodramatic instinct is decidedly developed.

### Seeing and Souveniring.

There is one part of the holiday kit which must not be forgotten—good glasses with which to discover pictures, a good camera with which to make souvenirs of them permanent possessions. Before going holiday-making a visit should be paid to Ross's wonderful optical works at Clapham Common. That may be impossible, in which case Ross's Photographic list for 1910 is a capital alternative. There is no photograph accessory that is not treated of in it; those supplied by Ross are of the very best, while to go through the list is an education in what is up-to-date in photographic science. The "Homocentric" lens is one of the finest things ever invented for the photographer. Ross's Optical list is another that is absorbingly interesting reading for all who care for scientific instruments to aid human vision, or to indicate the weather. Their barograph, which gives automatic record of the alteration of atmospheric pressure hourly for every day of the year, is an almost weirdly clever instrument. I so often see one among wedding presents to sportsmen and travellers. Military pocket compasses, aneroids for taking heights and levels, for ballooning, sextants, telescopes, every kind of fine scientific instrument is found in this brochure clearly illustrated. Stalking-telescopes are just now in great demand. There are, of course, excellent binoculars to be had at Ross's, and the prices, considering their excellence, are very moderate.

### The Feet of the Hobbled.

At many a smart watering-place and spa, the hobbled skirt is having its day. There is one thing very much to the credit of the fashion—it is the only good I can find to say of it—it makes women particular about their feet, which become quite conspicuous objects. "Nugget" is in greater demand than ever, for the boots and shoes that dart to and fro under the hobbled skirt must shine immaculate. "Nugget" neither coarsens the surface of the leather nor spoils the skirt. It is by far the most satisfactory of all the polishes, as it is the cleanest. From the lady's lady and the gentleman's gentleman to the lads and lasses that polish their own shoes and enjoy doing it, all swear by "Nugget."

### Florida for Refreshment.

This does not refer to the country, but to the toilet-water which has so world-wide a favour. There is only one kind to which this applies. It is that of the original producers, Murray and Lanman, who made a sensation over thirty years

ago in New York by producing this delicious toilet-water there. Its fame soon spread over the entire American Continent, Australia, the East Indies, and China. It is now established in refined circles in Great Britain and Europe. It is purely vegetable and floral, and is therefore an excellent preparation for the skin. There is a way to insure having the real thing. A little pamphlet wrapped round each bottle has the words "Lanman and Kemp, New York," so printed in water-mark as to be immediately apparent when the leaf is held up to the light. It is quite worth while to make the test. From half to a whole bottle in the bath makes it a delight and an invigorator. On the handkerchief it is sweet and refreshing.

### Cool and Dainty.

There does seem a chance at last of airing summer raiment, whether at Trouville, Deauville, Ostend, or at one of our own island seaside resorts. On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of a chiffon gown over soft satin in glacier-blue, with a wide band of embroidery in the same colour round the hem, and an inset of it round the neck.

We have received from Devonport a copy of the *Journal of the Leinster Regiment* for July, a quarterly illustrated magazine which will no doubt be of considerable interest to the military contingent among our readers. It is edited by Captain R. F. Legge, and is well-produced and tastefully illustrated, with a number of interesting literary contributions. These include descriptive articles on places abroad, such as Dalhousie and the Field of Waterloo, military studies of battles, lighter articles and verses, reviews, and regimental notices. One interesting item is a cutting reproduced from the *Illustrated London News* of Jan. 10, 1859, describing the presentation of colours by the Prince of Wales (King Edward) to the Royal Canadian Regiment of Foot. This is accompanied by a reproduction of the contemporary drawing, which is especially interesting as a record of the costume of the period.



APPOINTED PRINCIPAL PROFESSOR OF SINGING AT THE STATE CONSERVATOIRE AT FRANKFORT: PROFESSOR THOROLD.

The many friends of Professor Thorold, who was well known in social and artistic circles in London seven years ago, will be pleased to hear that after spending two years at the Conservatoire, Geneva, as principal Professor of Singing, he has now been appointed to a similar position at the State Conservatoire, Frankfort, Germany.

Photograph by Lalency.

In our issue of Aug. 3, a paragraph appeared on our "Woman-About-Town" page dealing with the prism-binoculars made by those well-known opticians, Messrs. Emil Busch. We regret to find that, owing, perhaps, to the similarity in the names of two of their products, the "Stellux" and the "Sollux" binoculars, a confusion arose in our account of the instruments, the particulars of the "Sollux" glass being described as those of the "Stellux." It is the "Sollux" binoculars which are on what is known as the stereoscopic principle, and which have large objectives brilliantly illuminating and extending the field of view. The plasticity of the image makes it easier for the user to gauge the distance and relative positions of objects under observation. The "Sollux" binoculars are made in two powers, magnifying six and eight times.

In connection with the Folkestone Races to-day (Wednesday) and to-morrow (Aug. 17 and 18), the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway will run special Club trains (first class only), leaving Charing Cross at 10.45 and 11.10 a.m., Waterloo at 11.12 a.m., and London Bridge 10.50 and 11.17 a.m. The fare, including admission to the course and reserved enclosure, is 20s., not including admission, 8s. First-class tickets from London issued on Wednesday, 17th inst., will be available for return on the same or following day. Tickets issued on Thursday, 18th inst., will be available for the day only. Special trains (third class only), at a return day fare of 6s. (including admission to the course), will leave Charing Cross at 10.5 and 10.15 a.m., Waterloo 10.7 and 10.17 a.m., London Bridge 10.12 and 10.22 a.m., and New Cross 10.20 and 10.30 a.m. Special cheap tickets will also be issued from stations on the line.



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 29.*

## NINETEEN DAYS.

FOR the long, end-of-August account in the Stock Exchange there is considerably more work about than is usual. This is speaking, of course, in the comparative, because, after all, the amount of trade doing is not enough to go round. A big firm of brokers, with a huge staff, boasts if it does forty bargains in Kaffirs in a day. Jobbers lose little when they take a few days off. The sharp rises and falls which do so much towards keeping public interest alive are governed by the paucity of business: supply and demand are neither of them normal, and it does not take much of either to cause a movement quite disproportionate to the fluctuations. But there are orders about, and in the circumstances the House ought to be thankful for whatever small mercies are vouchsafed to it.

## THE FLATNESS OF CONSOLS.

Could but the Funds manage to revive, to emerge from their condition of prostration, the fillip given to markets in general would be immense. There seems to be no life in Consols whatever, and a dozen reasons can be reeled off to explain what, ultimately, the explainee will still confess inexplicable. Certain newspapers have done the market no good, their constant croak of political trouble at home and abroad being a ravenesque dirge that chills the bull to the bone. There is an idea, too, that the autumn rise in the Bank Rate may come earlier this year than it generally does, trade being good, and the Stock Exchange also taking a good deal of money. Come to bed-rock reasons, and there is the fierce competition of other securities, and the narrowing circle of investors. Still, with  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. dividend in the price, to come off in a fortnight, Consols do look cheap, if appearances are anything to go by.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

Our Stroller, with much time on his hands, took his stand with a crowd of men and other boys, and stared up into the sky at the ethereal nothingness.

Presently, out of the one dark cloud shone a little white disc. Growing rapidly, it shaped into a balloon, so diminutive-looking that it might have carried fairies. Again it rose, and was enveloped. Again appeared, a joyous toy that seemed to be playing hide-and-seek with the cloud above and the crowd below.

Our Stroller turned away, his eyes aching with the strain of balloon-gazing.

He told his broker later on. "Just like your markets," he moralised, "up one moment, down the next: white and dark alternating, mostly for no apparent reason."

But his broker is a man whose mind is cast in a mould pre-eminently practical.

"Can't see any sense in it myself," he said. "What in the world does a man want to be pottering about up there for? Bouncing up and down like a rubber—"

"Yes, like a Rubber Market," his client interrupted. "Why in the world do Rubber prices jump about as they do? I can't see any sense in it."

"Why, they move with the price of rubber, of course!"

"You merely shift the perspective. Why does rubber jump about so? Supply and demand?"

"More or less," was the broker's defence.

"Actual supply and actual demand cannot account for a difference in rubber of two-and-six in a couple of days, eh?"

"Of course not," agreed the broker cordially. "That's due to the Mincing Lane speculators in the raw material. Don't you see?"

Our Stroller saw it was no use arguing round in a circle, so he laughed, and gave up the attempt.

"Well, how about the Rubber Market?" he asked.

"Come along in here, and have some tea," was the reply.

At their table, the discussion ran all upon Rhodesians. Behind our friend another table-full talked Rubber. At the bar adjacent, a noisy knot of customers expressed emphatic views concerning the Yankee Market. The broker ordered tea and cigars.

"Anything to do in Bankets?" a friend asked him, and, without waiting for a reply, continued—

"Not that you're likely to have. There's no public business about."

The broker admitted that the extent of his share in the Rhodesian boom had been one order in five hundred Chartered and another in twenty-five Wanderers.

Whereat there uprose a mighty laugh that caused the loudest-tongued upholder of Yankees to turn round and rebuke what he termed the ill-timed mirth.

In the exchange of repartee that followed, Our Stroller bent his hearing to catch what was being said at the next table regarding Rubber.

"... What's going to stop another boom?" he overheard one man demand. "You can put down the price of rubber to four shillings a pound and still get magnificent profits out of the producing companies."

"Then the boom will break out again, you think?"

"There's nothing to stop it, humanly speaking. Where you see at least ten per cent. on your money for practically several years to come, do you mean to say that there won't be a strong burst of activity after the holidays are over?"

"I don't believe there'll be the same riot of gambling—"

"Likely enough there won't. We hope not. It doesn't do any permanent good."

"I know a journalist who has built himself a lovely house in the country on—"

Our Stroller asked his broker the best Rubber shares to buy.

"Do you mean Rubber, or rubbersh?" and the broker laughed with delight at this brilliant scintillation of wit.

"Have you followed the market much?" pursued Our Stroller, unmoved to merriment.

The Houseman turned round to the table behind him, and asked his neighbour for a friendly lead as to the best Rubber shares for speculative investment.

"Selangor, Anglo-Malay, Straits, Highlands, and Linggis," was the reply, given without a second's hesitation.

"Linggis?" with an inflection of surprise.

"Yes, in spite of the way they're abused in some quarters. They will pay splendidly, and go to seventy shillings in the rise that's going to take place between October and March."

"Would you buy them now?"

"I shouldn't," interposed another. "The market's just in that up-and-down state when you can afford to wait for a flat day, and nip in then."

"Personally, I fancy Anglo-Dutch as a bit of a lock-up," declared the broker. "They look to me one of the cheapest things in the market at about nineteen shillings. One-pound shares, you know, and fully paid."

"Good people are buying General Ceylons. It's a Tea Company, growing rubber."

"I noticed one of the papers talked of buying from the provinces, the Netherlands, and the Middle East the other day," observed a fourth.

"Do you know where that came from?" put in Our Stroller. "It was lifted from a firm of brokers' private list, in their report, on the night before. A friend of mine showed me both, and asked if I didn't think—"

"I tell you I would!" and the voice of a speaker at the adjoining bar rose above all others. "Here is the Union Pacific showing nineteen per cent.—"

"Who believes American Railroad figures?" came the scornful rejoinder. "A company might make a loss and still show twenty per cent. profit."

"You can fool half the people all the time, and all the people half the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time," said Our Stroller's broker, as he and his client stood up to wait for their bill.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the defender of the Union, darkly, scenting personalities in the quotation.

"I mean that the Union Pacific has been publishing figures like these for some time, and only a child would venture to throw doubts upon them now."

"Well, wasn't that exactly what I was going to say myself?" and he looked more than insulted.

"In a word, Unions ought to be—"

"My dear old chap, of course they ought to be. To put away amongst your investments. To sit on until you're 200."

"Until when?"

"Till they're 200, I said. And—"

"Come on, old man," said the broker to Our Stroller. "He's quite right about Unions being cheap, but I've got letters to write, and we mustn't waste his time any longer."

Saturday, Aug. 13, 1910.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

PLANTER.—Dooars and Jokai, of the Tea Companies, Eastern Produce, General Ceylon and Ceylon Tea Plantations, of the Tea-cum-Rubber Companies. We think you would do well out of all of these.

C. H.—A thorough-going bucket-shop lure for the unwary.

B. AND C.—Thank you for your courteous letter.

CUI BONO.—The trade is improving, and we are inclined to think you will get a higher price for your shares later on.

EXHIBITION.—Japanese  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Bonds we regard as quite secure, but there is a prospect of the whole Loan being repaid, at par, before long.

CUPRUM.—It is a pure toss-up.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Stockton, the following may win: County Stand Handicap, Dark Dinah; Stewards' Handicap, Miesko; Lambton Stakes, Sarpedon; Hardwicke Stakes, Marco Bozzaris; Zetland Plate, St. Felicien; Middlesbrough Welter, Orne; Wilton Welter, Sir Raymond; Durham County Plate, Winkipop. At Folkestone: Kent Handicap, Trau; Romney Handicap, Gallop Along; Folkestone Handicap, Seaton Delaval; Cinque Ports Welter, Wise Saw filly; Saltwood Plate, Motor Veil. At Hurst Park: Earlsfield Welter, Chasuble; Hurst Stakes, Rock Lane; August Plate, Dutch China; Champion Sprint Handicap, Raeberry; Vyner Handicap, Flail; Walton Handicap, Gillie Callum.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.


(Continued.)

Also the Perfect  
Carburetter.

Also the Perfect Carburetter.

of the internal-combustion Channel. By reason of the physical facts surrounding the question, it would seem that the perfect carburetter can never be. But perfection should surely be more nearly approached than it is at present, even with the most efficient apparatus obtainable. We have advanced a long way since the quart-pot carburetter of the early Benz or the simple jet and pipe of Gottlieb Daimler. But at the moment, in deference to a craze for fool-proof instruments and mere simplification, we appear to have taken a retrograde step in abandoning automatic air-valves. What seems to be required particularly is a fool-proof perfect automatic air-valve, and that may yet come. But it cannot be spring-controlled.

Carburetter trials also will be new to this country, and if my memory serves me, it is long since any tests of this apparatus, the soul of the engine, were carried out across the



A WELL-KNOWN GOLFER AS A MOTORIST.  
MR. FLETCHER, OF R.

## Blackpool's Bad Luck.

**Blackpool's** **Blackpool** **Pinner and Harewood Downs.** **The car shown**  
**Bad Luck.** **has no luck** **Bedford Motors,**  
**with aviation.** In their latest undertaking the pro-  
motors, who were the Lancashire Aero Club, had both the Corpor-  
ation and the weather against them. On the first day, Grahame-  
White alone turned out; while on the day after the gale blew with  
such violence that no one ventured aloft. On the Saturday, the  
actor-aviator, Loraine, turned out, the wind notwithstanding, but  
could not make the aerodrome again, and had to descend on a golf-

links without his clubs. That sure draw, Grahame-White, however, made amends by soaring to over a thousand feet, and subsequently taking a passenger for a twenty-minutes over-sea flight. Drexel mounted to 640 feet, and put in a blood-curdling vol-plané, in descending, which compensated for the wait. On the Sunday, Grahame-White flew to the L.A.C. Club for lunch, and on the Monday reached a height of 3700 feet. Tuesday was a bad day, but

Lanark's Good Fortune.      While Black-

suffered, Lanark has been correspondingly favoured, for up to the time of writing, the first day only of the Scottish meeting was visited by bad weather. In spite of wind and rain, the public were treated to some sensational flying, Cattaneo, on his Blériot monoplane, achieving a speed of fifty miles per hour. On Monday, the 8th inst., he improved this by six miles per hour. Chavez had bad luck in the matter of the height-competition on the second day, for while his altitude

was officially returned as 5250 feet, his barograph showed 6020 feet. The surveyors could not check his height after he disappeared into the clouds; and as this may frequently happen, it seems to me that official tested barographs should be used and their readings accepted. On Thursday even Chavez's performance was beaten by Drexel, who rose to 6750 feet, or 7450 feet above sea-level, an altitude of nearly a mile and a half.



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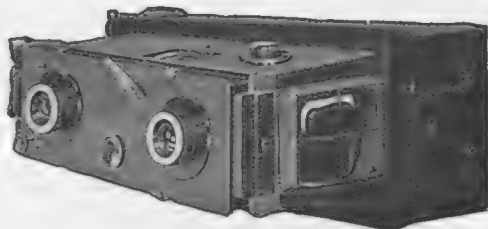
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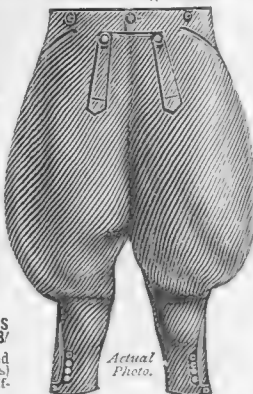
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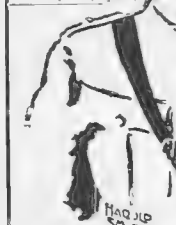
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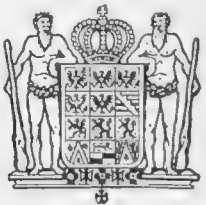


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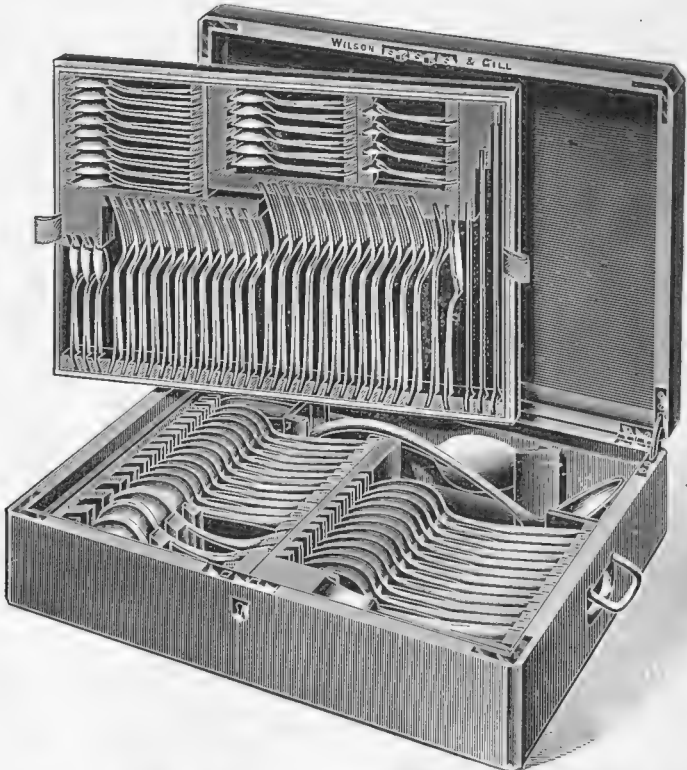
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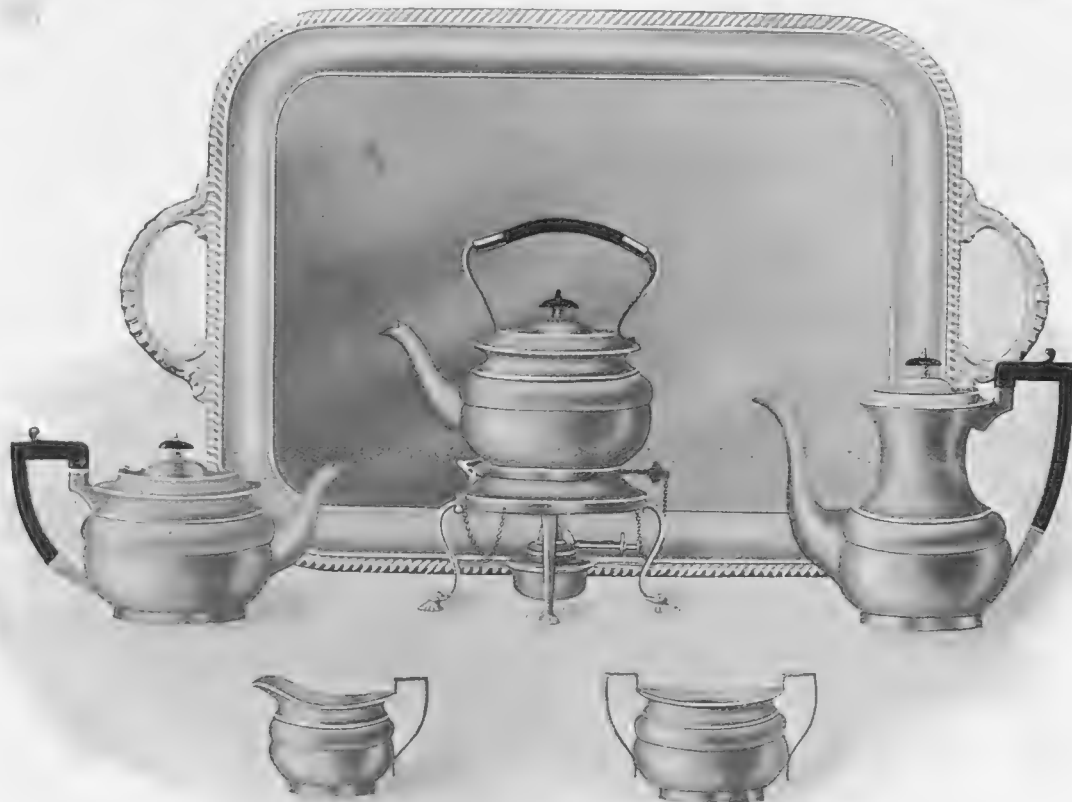
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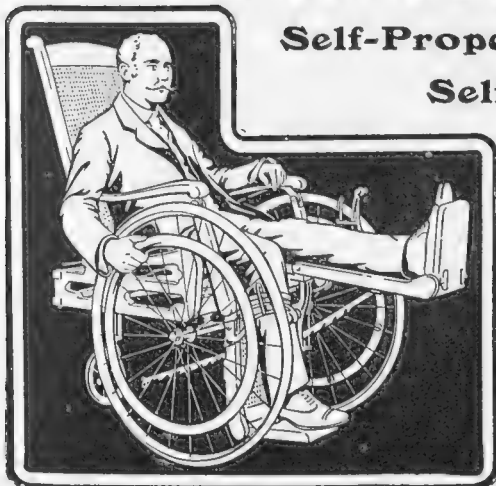
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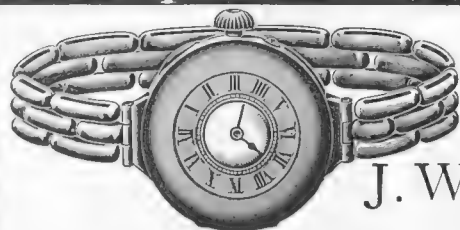
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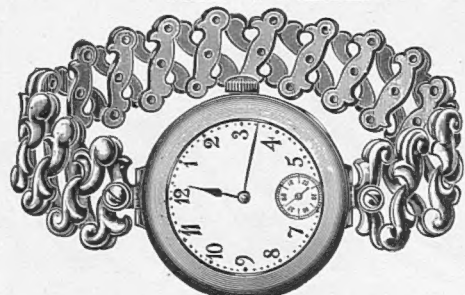
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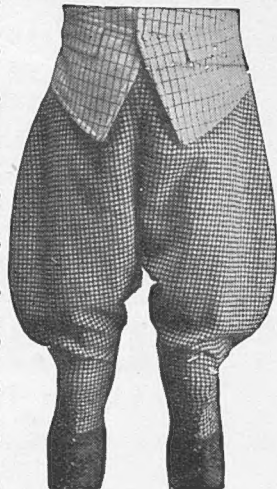
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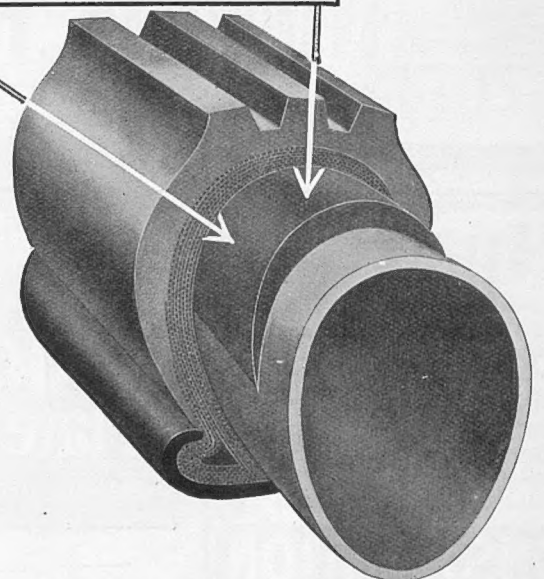
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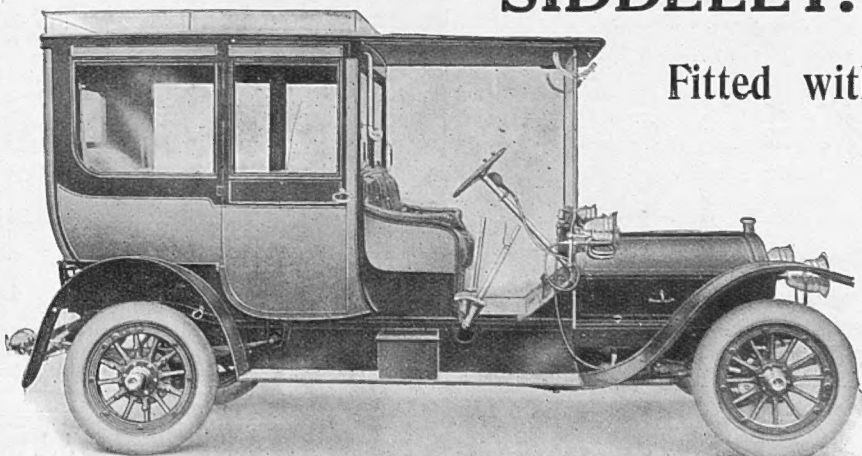
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F. 195



## GENERAL NOTES.

THE new battleship *Orion*, which is to be launched at Portsmouth on Saturday, is to be christened by the Marchioness of Winchester. There is fitness in this, for Lady Winchester knows more than a little of the Empire beyond the seas which this good ship is to help defend. A younger son, the present Marquess, as Lord Henry Paulet, was a confirmed rover far from the beaten tracks of men, and his bride shared his love of far and limitless horizons. Together they found delight in the primitive life of up-country scenes in South Africa. While on an estate which the Marquess - to - be was developing at Fort Salisbury, the happy young couple mingled the delights of unfettered freedom with the sterner duties of property-owners, and many were the gay hunting-trips on the veldt which they shared. The Marchioness is a superb horsewoman, and the life was much to her liking. When they set out for home, the Marchioness did the 340 miles between Bulawayo and Pietersburg by mule-wagon, accompanied only by her maid and a couple of native muleteers. The death of the late Marquess—one of the victims of Magersfontein, brought the present holder unexpectedly to the title, and his beautiful Irish bride to share by far the oldest marquessate in existence.

All Europe will be congratulating the Emperor of Austria to-morrow upon his eightieth birthday. Sorrows do not always kill, for during a great part of his life this veteran ruler has lived one long agony of griefs. His first-born and heir died in the most mysterious tragedy which has perplexed the Courts of Europe in our time; his beautiful Empress was foully slain; estrangements have come between him and other members of his family; his Empire has been rent by bloody strife. Well might Lenbach, when

painting the Emperor's portrait, throw down his brushes, almost in despair. "Why do you do that?" asked the Emperor. "I am just thinking what a mask that kindly face of yours has become," answered the painter. "Who would suppose that behind that mask lies the face of the most worried, careworn, and heartbroken man in the whole Austrian Empire?" Yet the Emperor bears his sorrows as he bears his years, unbending, undaunted, while Europe marvels.

The Hon. Bobby Spencer, that was, becomes now Earl Spencer, succeeding his sincerely lamented half-brother, whose death occurred on Saturday. No vacancy in the Commons results, of course, for the new Earl became a Peer four years ago, with the title of Lord Althorp. As Lord Chamberlain he has undoubtedly been a great success, the only failure in the department under him since his accession to office being the miscarriage of the royal wreaths for the Duke of Devonshire's funeral. All the tailors bless and magnify his name, for, himself a past-master of the art of dress, he has reduced to writing and drawing all that there is to be said of Court costume—a matter upon which the wisest formerly sometimes had doubts. So precise in matters affecting the Court, it will be interesting to see how he runs Althorp. There used to be a custom there a little calculated to try the nerves of the visitor. Lyon Playfair was sitting one night in his room after everybody else had retired to rest, when suddenly, without warning, a lusty-looking fellow, carrying a dark lantern and a huge bludgeon, entered the apartment. Lord Spencer's guest thought the intruder the veritable Bill Sikes himself. But it was an Althorp custom. Lord Spencer had given his night-watchman orders, if he saw a light burning after midnight, to enter the room and see what it meant. Now he was seeing.

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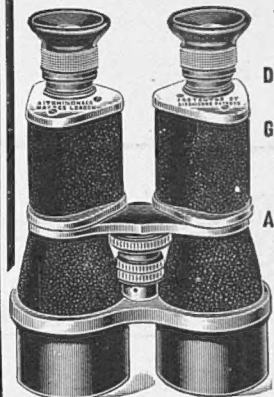
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